# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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## Selections.

### EXCITING MEETING AT BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

### The Evangelical Alliance and American Slavery.

A public meeting, convened by advertisement and by handbills and placards circulated through the city, was held on Wednesday evening, at the Great Room, Broadmead, "to review the proceedings of the Evangelical Alliance," and it was further announced that "the Rev. Edward Mathews, of Wisconsin (delegate from the American Baptist Free Mission Society), would explain the injurious pro-Slavery influence of the alliance on the religious institutions of America, with reference to Slavery." In a handbill, subsequently issued, there appeared the following statement: "The Rev. G. H. Davis having made several misstatements in his letter in the *Bristol Mercury* of Saturday last, Nov. 29th, the Rev. Edward Mathews, of America, with the approval of the committee of arrangements, will embrace the opportunity of replying to them at the public meeting." There was a numerous attendance, in fact, the large room was densely crowded, and party, or, perhaps it might rather be said personal, feeling ran so high, that at two or three intervals a regular row, if not a fight, seemed to be inevitable. Upon the motion of Dr. Rogers,

Mr. HANDEL COSSHAM took the chair. He said the object of the meeting was not to consider the Evangelical Alliance as a religious body. With its proceedings, except upon the question of Slavery they had nothing to do. He respected the intelligence and piety of that alliance, and was free to confess that it contained among its members some of the best and wisest of their countrymen. It was therefore from no hostility to the alliance that they were assembled, but because there was a growing conviction in the public mind that upon the question of Slavery the alliance did not speak out (cheers and slight interruption). If that was true it did not deserve the support of the country. If it was not true, then the promoters of the present meeting would beg the gentlemen's pardon, and glad should he be if any of its members, availing themselves of the opportunity then afforded them, would show that they had clean hands in the matter (cheers). As Englishmen and as Christians they did consider that the alliance ought not to give upon the question "an uncertain sound" (hear); and they considered too they had a right to ask them to state as Christian men whether they gave any sanction to Slavery (cheers). The Chairman then read a letter from the Rev. G. Armstrong, expressive of sympathy with the object of the meeting, and of his regret that domestic anxiety on account of sickness in his family prevented his attendance.

The Rev. Mr. CARY, at the Chairman's request, read the following letter, addressed, "To the Chairman of the Meeting":

'Sir—A placard having been issued by the Rev. E. Mathews, declaring that my letter, in last Saturday's *Mercury*, contained several misstatements; and as I cannot descend to any such mode of controversy, allow me, through you, to state to the meeting—That I never wrote that Mr. Mathews requested of the Alliance committee "permission to present the claims of the American Baptist Free Mission Society." The words are printed as if a quotation from my letter, which they are not, and the whole statement is a *pure fabrication*. In a sentence relating to a private interview with Mr. M., before his request made to the committee, I state "that Mr. M. wished to embrace the opportunity of there presenting his case"—words that the most sanguine powers could only mean—his case *as bearing upon the Alliance*. As to the second alleged misstatement, I can only assert that the large placard posted on the wall, which I read, had no printer's name; and that others besides myself noticed the omission. If a name were attached in some invisible corner where no one would look for it, that fact stamps the character of the bill quite as effectually as its total absence. I would further observe that when Mr. M. intruded himself into the private meeting of our committee, no letter was presented for the chairman, nor was any such letter named. Trusting that you will do me the justice to read this letter, I remain, &c."

"Dec. 3d, 1851." "GEORGE HENRY DAVIS."

The letter was received with mixed expressions of feeling, the sentence "the whole statement is a pure fabrication" in particular evoking a perfect storm of hisses mingled with cheers.

The CHAIRMAN then read a letter from Mr. Granville, setting forth the following statement of the Committee of the Bristol branch of the Evangelical Alliance:

The committee of the Bristol Branch of the Evangelical Alliance deem it due to themselves to state, for the information of the public, that no slaveholder can be admitted to the membership of the British organization.

At the Manchester meeting, where the British organization was constituted, the following resolution was adopted, and is now in full force:

"That whereas the provisional committee during their session at Birmingham, resolved that no slaveholder should be invited to attend the meeting which was to be held in London for the formation of the Evangelical Alliance, and whereas it is known that some British subjects are holders of slaves—the British organization, in pursuance of the course adopted by the provisional committee, and upon mature deliberation on the whole case, but without pronouncing any judgment on the personal Christianity of slaveholders AGREE TO DECLARE THAT NO HOLDER OF A SLAVE SHALL BE DEEMED ELIGIBLE TO MEMBERSHIP.

At the last conference held in London, whose sittings extended over a space of fourteen days, and at every previous conference since the adoption of the Manchester resolution, the utmost care was taken to prevent the admission of slaveholders to its meetings. So far, therefore, as the British organization is concerned, the Alliance is clear from all participation in the sin of American Slavery.

As to the American organization, *which is a perfectly independent body, and over which we can exercise no control*, it seems but just to publish their fundamental resolution: "That while the Evangelical Alliance admits into its bosom such persons only as are reputable members of evangelical churches, we are nevertheless persuaded that the great object of the association, the promotion of a larger Christian union, may be furthered by a frank expression of our sentiments on the subject of Slavery; we, therefore, declare *our deep, unalterable opposition to this stupendous evil, and we hold it to be the duty of all men, by all wise and Christian means, to seek its entire extirpation and removal from the land*. Still the one object of the Alliance can be steadily kept in view, which is the promotion of Christian union and brotherly love."

The committee would further observe that the recent speech delivered by Dr. Baird, in London, and to which allusion has been repeatedly made, forms in fact the strongest and most palpable justification of the British organization in its hostile relation to American Slavery, for that speech was framed in a spirit of indignant rebuke against the Alliance, because of its refusal to admit any Christian fraternization with American slaveholders.

In consequence of that speech (any supposed approval of which by individuals, however public their position, in no way commits the Alliance), the Bristol committee declined to secure the services of Dr. Baird, of which they might have availed themselves at their recent meeting. This circumstance would have prevented their admitting the introduction of the subject by a stranger, holding opposite views; even had not the general rules for the guidance of its public meetings forbidden it.

The Committee having thus stated as much as they deem needful to justify themselves, and the British organization, in respect to American Slavery, cannot conclude without expressing their deep regret at the irregular course pursued by certain parties in reference to their late meeting.

The CHAIRMAN then said—He should first call upon Mr. Mathews to make a statement with reference to the influence which the Evangelical Alliance had exerted in America on the subject of Slavery, to which any member or friend of the Alliance would be permitted a full opportunity of replying. The Rev. George Henry Davis has taken it upon himself to impugn the credentials of the Rev. Edward Mathews. As Mr. Mathews's only object that night was to plead the cause of the slave they had so far nothing to do with that question, but he felt it right to state that he (the chairman) had that evening examined those credentials, and they were as full and unexceptionable as any which the Rev. George Henry Davis could himself produce (loud cheers and hisses).

The Rev. E. MATHEWS, on presenting himself, was received with mingled applause and disapprobation. He commenced by saying that conscious that in the minds of some prejudices had been excited against him, he should, in order to remove them, first call attention to Mr. Davis's letter. Controversy was his aversion; but if controversy was necessary, rather than his brother should be held in Slavery, to controversy he must go (cheers). Mr. Davis referred to him as seeking notoriety. Now, for twelve years he had travelled and laboured in the United States as the advocate of the slave, and that not only in the free but in some of the slave States; and it certainly did not occur to his mind that, after spending so many years in that labour, he should add to his notoriety by simply addressing an audience in the Bristol Assembly-Rooms (applause). With regard to the statement as to his wishing to introduce his case to the Evangelical Alliance meeting, the facts were these. He waited upon Mr. Davis, as that gentleman stated, as the agent of the Baptist Free Missionary Society; he produced his certificate of membership, his ordination as a Baptist minister, his authority from the Baptist Free Missionary Society, and a letter from Gerrit Smith, whose name as an Abolitionist should stand high, as he had given 200,000 acres of land to the coloured population of America (cheers). Mr. Davis told him that he had better apply to the Baptist London Committee in London, and obtain their endorsement of his credentials, and then, he said, all England would be open to him. He wrote to the Rev. Mr. Hinton, the Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, and sent him a volume he had published on the Slavery question; but before he had received an answer there came an announcement that the Evangelical Alliance would hold a meeting in Bristol. Now in America the Abolitionists had had to labour by the hour in consequence of the alliance; the proceedings of that body had immensely added to their difficulties and increased their labours in endeavouring to remove the yoke from the slave, and he naturally thought that if the members of the alliance in this country would give expression to an opinion adverse to Slavery it would produce a favourable influence in America, and greatly strengthen and encourage the minority there. He accordingly went to represent his views to a leading minister of this city, but he had ceased to be a member of the alliance. He waited upon Mr. Davis, and his reply was that he thought the question would not come up, and that it would be best that it should be suppressed. He (Mr. Mathews) observed that if slaveholders came, being members of the alliance, they would have a right to, and would, speak. At that time he concluded that it was an œcumenical alliance, and not a British organization. Mr. Davis replied, "If any slaveholders come they shall not speak" (cheers). As Mr. Davis did not entertain his proposition favourably, he waited on Mr. Roper, who said he was inclined to think favourably of it, and would endeavour to procure for him an opportunity of speaking upon the influence of the alliance on Slavery in America. He received after this a letter from Mr. Roper, stating that Dr. Baird would have come down to the meeting but that on account of his connection with Slavery it was deemed undesirable that he should do so, and that it was thought that the introduction at all of the slave question would be objectionable. Mr. Mathews went on to complain of Mr. Davis's statement, that he wished for an opportunity of "using his name" and his allegation that he (Mr. M.) "signified in a letter to Mr. Roper that a resolution would be introduced at the public meeting in defiance of the committee." He contended that his object was clearly made known to be a desire to treat of the influence of the alliance on Slavery, and he quoted the words from his letter, as follows: "I am sorry for the decision of the committee; but as, however, the alliance can by its vote grant me a hearing, I mean to make a request to that body." Was that a defiant letter? (no, no, and cheers). He did not consider that there was anything in it of a bullying character, or that it contained any defiance of the committee. After maturely considering the matter, he decided ultimately upon writing, showing the connection of the Evangelical Alliance with Slavery in America, and placing that letter in the hands of the chairman of the meeting. He tried to find the Earl of Cavan for that purpose, and failing in doing so, thought that he would visit the committee, present his letter, and retire. The door being wide open, he went in, intending to retire as soon as he had presented it. Mr. Davis was speaking, and as soon as he had ceased he (Mr. Mathews) said to him, "Here is some information I have prepared upon the influence of the alliance upon American Slavery. I wish it to be placed in the hands of his lordship that he may read it to the meeting." Mr. Davis said, "We want neither you nor your information" (uproar and counter cheers). He also said, "This is the person who has been getting up all these things"—referring, as he (Mr. M.) supposed, to the placards which had been issued. Why should Mr. Davis complain of them? If Mr. Davis had a right to issue placards opposing popery (cheers and disapprobation), had not he a right to issue placards opposing Slavery? (cheers). Mr. D. had said there was no printer's name to the placard. Now, here was one.

Mr. MATHEWS here unfolded a placard, in the corner of which was the imprint of Mathews' Brothers. His doing this gave rise to a scene of great uproar and confusion: cries of "Davis is a liar," "Turn him out," "Order," "Chair," &c., were intermingled with shouts of applause, stamping of feet, &c.

Mr. MATHEWS continued—There was the printer's name, and it was not only upon the large bills, but upon the small ones also (cheers and disapprobation). Since the appearance of Mr. Davis' letter in the *Bristol Mercury*, he had received a letter from Mr. Hinton, stating that it was not the province of the committee (as nearly as our reporter could hear) to indorse his credentials, and that it was unnecessary. The speaker then proceeded to address himself to the great question of American Slavery. He contended that the slaveholder ought not to be admitted a member of a religious body, because he violated the moral law and trampled upon every point of the decalogue. To admit a slaveholder to a Christian church was to exalt him above Christ, because he violated the genius, the principles, and doctrines of the gospel, the graces of the Spirit and the natural and religious rights of man. The Wesleyan Methodists started in America as an Anti-Slavery body. John Wesley's influence was powerful for the slave, and his work, "Thoughts on Slavery," produced a beneficial influence; but during the revolutionary war slaveholders obtained a footing in the Wesleyan churches. At the end of the war an effort was made to remove them, but the pro-slavery power was too strong to be overcome, and the laws and discipline were moulded to meet it. Advocates of the slave had been turned out of the churches; and a slaveholder who had doubts upon the question applied to a bishop for counsel, and he said, "Hold on by your slaves." A Methodist minister came to Wisconsin and held two slaves in defiance of the law, which declared that no slave should be held north-west of the Ohio. The Methodist Conference was governed by a clique of pro-slavery men. Presbyterianism commenced in the United States with a strong and earnest protest against Slavery, but by the influence of the pro-slavery men that protest had been weakened, the term "moral evil" had been changed to "mournful evil," and now in 1851, upon a person named Grosvenor moving a resolution denunciatory of the fugitive slave law, the meeting came to a resolution to close discussions on it at eleven o'clock, and a man went on speaking against time till that period, in order that not a word might be said in condemnation of Slavery. In 1814, the Baptists of America held a meeting, and some slaveholders were admitted to join the body on the plea that they merely held their slaves to take care of them. Through this fatal error the pro-slavery interest was admitted, slaveholding churches were formed, the Baptist Magazine was compelled to give a pledge that it would not say anything upon the question of Slavery, and they had gone on, actually holding slaves in their missionary churches. With regard to the Episcopalians, they had 80,000 slaves, while their members only numbered 77,000. Scarcely a voice among the number was ever held up in favour of the poor slave, while Bishop Mead had preached a sermon telling the slaves that they were designed for slaves, and that the Lord favoured Slavery (cries of "shame"). Through the supineness of the Christian churches in America, William Lloyd Garrison and other friends of the slave were persecuted, a hall in Philadelphia was burnt down, property destroyed by the mob-spirit, the Anti-Slavery presses dashed to pieces, and, in one instance, an editor shot down. Had the heads of churches proclaimed against Slavery, order would have prevailed. When the Abolitionist Christians heard that a world's convention was to be held on the subject of Slavery, their hearts were gladdened, and the minority in the churches felt themselves clothed with new power, and they asked that the slaveholders might be excluded from the churches. The speaker then described the subsequent proceedings of various branches of the Christian church, to show the progress of the agitation: the Abolitionists wished their tract societies, bible societies, and Sabbath school societies to advocate the cause of the slave; but those bodies were overawed by the slave power. Efforts were further made to promote free discussion of the question, and to spread the Abolition agitation throughout the States (hear, hear). There were certain men who had stood aloof from the movement, and they began to advance towards the Evangelical Alliance. They felt that they had lost influence in America, and they thought that they must endeavour to regain that influence by some recognition in England, and they proposed that there should be a world's evangelical alliance. They first intended to propose that slaveholders should be admitted to the alliance, but that they carefully concealed. Had the Abolitionists conceived that the pro-slavery party would have had the power in the alliance, they would have come to England and met them, and defended the cause of the slave. What was the consequence of the alliance proceedings? The Abolitionists were met in the free States with, "Do you think it right to separate from the slaveholder? Why the Evangelical Alliance does not think so." The Abolitionists needed the full force of the moral power to aid them, and the Evangelical Alliance had succeeded in turning it against them. Then, as to the British organization: when Dr. Baird made his speech in favour of Slavery, and Mr. Wilson rose to reply the chairman desired him to sit down: again the British organization called upon the American alliance to go forward and enlarge its borders. Those things would be used against the Abolitionists in America. Besides, when the alliance in America was organized, it was proposed that no slaveholder should be admitted to membership! Dr. Cox moved that the subject should be postponed indefinitely, and it was so postponed. He believed that the general feeling of England was this—no connexion with slaveholders in our religious bodies (loud cheers); and, inasmuch as in the Evangelical Alliance there was a union of religious bodies in this country and in America, they wished it to be right on that question. A gift was made from the American slaveholders to the Scottish Free Church, and the audience would remember the revered form of the lamented Robert Norris standing up in that room and saying, "Send back the money," and the response of the meeting was, "Send back the money" (loud cheers). The Abolitionists simply asked the Christian churches to follow the Saviour, who hated Slavery, and then the bonds and the fetters of Slavery would be buried in eternal oblivion. The speaker concluded by a fervid peroration, in which he contrasted the example of Christ with the abominable practices of the slaveholders.

The CHAIRMAN said they had heard the statement of Mr. Mathews, and instead of following the example of those who said, "We decline [illegible] your information," they now invited any one who wished to reply to it, either as a member of the alliance or otherwise, to come upon the platform and do so (cheers).

The Rev. Mr. CARY said he did not rise to offer anything against the very eloquent appeal which had been made on behalf of the slave. He believed the Anti-Slavery Cause was one of the holiest and grandest that could occupy the attention of man, and it was a great gratification to him to see such a large audience attracted by the heading of the bill (cheers). He did not rise to offer any apology for Mr. Davis, who was well qualified to answer for himself (cheers and disapprobation). He confessed that he had been moved by much that Mr. Mathews had said, and he verily believed that the patronage which the Christian churches in America, and which some members of the Christian alliances had appeared to give, and perhaps had given, in England, to Slavery, was a great and stupendous evil (cheers). He had been one of those, too, who felt also that the world's evangelical alliance could not command his sympathy, on account of its proceedings in reference to Slavery. What he rose for was to enter his protest against the mixing up of a personal squabble with a great and glorious cause (cheers). He felt that he had their sympathy in that opinion (cheers and no, no). Such a squabble was light as a feather in the scale. What could a little personal quarrel between Mr. Davis, of Bristol, whom they all knew, and Mr. Mathews, from America, whom scarcely anybody knew, have to do with—

The speaker was here interrupted by mingled expressions of applause and disapprobation, intermixed with stamping of feet, cries of "turn him out," "hear him," and "shame," "order," &c. Mr. Cary made several attempts to resume his address, but was as constantly met with a renewal of the uproar.

The CHAIRMAN—I do hope—(great confusion)—I do hope—(renewed uproar.) I sincerely hope that the friends around will assist me in preserving the order of the meeting. Nothing can be respectable, or carry moral weight with it, which is not in order. Whether you agree or disagree with the sentiments expressed, I call upon you, as men and Englishmen, to hear the speaker fairly.

Mr. CARY—Allow me to say (groans and hisses mingled with applause).

Mr. NEILD said one of the greatest reproaches cast upon the American people was, that they allowed mob violence to overawe their public meetings. Let them not that night bring that reproach on themselves (hear, hear).

The CHAIRMAN said Mr. Cary wished to explain the last part of his speech.

Mr. CARY said, when they stopped him, he wished to say that, by his last sentence, he had no intention to say anything to the prejudice of Mr. Mathews. He knew and respected his family; and, as far as his intercourse with him had gone, he respected him (applause, no, no, and a voice, "that's soft soap"). What he protested against was mixing up with a great question a personal squabble, which would be forgotten to-morrow (renewed confusion). With reference to the Evangelical Alliance, he did not justify its course; but it should be remembered that there was no world's Evangelical Alliance, for on account of that very question of Slavery it had been put an end to. There was a British Evangelical Alliance, there was to be a French Evangelical Alliance, and there was an American—what could he say? (a voice, "diabolical alliance," and cheers). That was true enough. He wished to say that, so far from the British Evangelical Alliance—whatever slips it might have made at first—favouring Slavery, it did, by one of its fundamental laws, repudiate all connexion with the slaveholder.

Mr. MATHEWS said—Had the last speaker made his case his own, he could not have given utterance to the sentiments he had expressed. It was something to do with a witness that his character should be clear, and charges having been made he considered that he ought to meet them, so as to remove any prejudice which might have been excited against him.

Mr. J. C. NEILD presented himself to propose the first resolution, which will be found in our advertising columns, and addressed the meeting at considerable length and with much eloquence, upon the general duty of Christians to promote the emancipation of the slave. He commenced by expressing his desire not to interfere in any personal quarrel between Mr. Davis and Mr. Mathews, lest he should find himself in the position of the man who appealed to a Wiltshire jury. It would be remembered that finding a man and his wife engaged in an angry quarrel he interfered in defence of the woman, and immediately got attacked by both. He brought his action for the assault, and the verdict was "Served him right" (laughter). He (Mr. Neild) had only to do with the general question; and in dealing with it he begged to say that he would cast no aspersion upon the Evangelical Alliance. All he contended for was that, being a body of Evangelical Christians they ought, at the late meeting of the alliance in this city, to have spoken out unequivocally on the subject of American Slavery. He read from documents to show that the Society of Friends had been steadfast opponents of the system, and that ninety years ago they resolved to admit no one into membership in their body who upheld Slavery. Mr. Mathews had referred to the writings of John Wesley to show how great was Wesley's condemnation of the system; but he (Mr. Neild) believed that even the description of Mr. M. fell short of the language Wesley actually employed, which was to the effect that Slavery was the consummation of all crime, and the sum of all villanies. Against such an institution, therefore, every Christian should speak out with no stinted voice; for whereas Christ came upon earth to infuse good will among men, to bind up their wounds, to heal the broken-hearted, and to let the oppressed go free, Slavery involved the very opposites of all those Christian principles and duties, and should never receive the slightest countenance at the hands of Christian men.

During the delivery of Mr. Neild's address a cry was raised, "Mr. Davis," accompanied by shouts at the bottom of the room. Immediately afterwards the Rev. G. H. Davis ascended the platform, and was received with loud cheers mingled with some expressions of disapprobation.

Mr. NEILD requested permission, as Mr. Davis had arrived, to state briefly to him the purport of his remarks. He did not complain of the British Evangelical Alliance, as a religious organization, but he contended that the Bristol branch should not hesitate to speak out on all fitting occasions upon the question of American Slavery. They had no hostility to the alliance, but they considered that it wanted a little more courage when it met at Bristol (cheers, and no, no).

Mr. JOSIAH HUNT seconded the resolution. The opinion had grown that the Evangelical Alliance had not spoken out honestly on the question of Slavery, and he was of opinion, as an honest Englishmen, that it had not done its duty (cheers). There were occasions when silence was a crime, and what had been the policy of the British section but this? "Say nothing about it" (cheers). What they wanted was that everybody possessing their common christianity should say something against Slavery whenever there was an opportunity for speaking against it (hear, hear)—that they should not at one time take a step that savoured of opposition to Slavery, and on another take one that savoured of neutrality, if not of approval (cheers). His firm impression was, that every religious pastor, be he bishop or what not, deserved contempt if he did not speak out (cheers and confusion).

Mr. DAVIS—Gentlemen, hear him. I cheer every word he has said (cheers, and a voice, "Sit down. Davis").

Mr. HUNT was a party to what had been called the irregular proceeding with regard to asking a question of the Evangelical Alliance. He wanted to know whether that association, which came down to Bristol with an earl for its chairman, was worthy the support of the citizens? ("no, it was not," "yes," cheers and tumult). His impression was this, that the gentleman who descended to shutting out the question knew that the answer to that question would have opened a flood-gate that would have swamped them (cheers). Sitting by his fireside last Saturday it made his heart bleed to see such an attack on an Anti-Slavery advocate in this country (cheers, no, no, and great uproar). And when he read (renewed uproar)—and when he read that that advocate was accused of putting out placards without the name of a printer, when he himself saw the printer's name appended to it, he was astonished to see the name that was subscribed to the letter (cheers). He felt that such an attack was calculated to impede the Anti-Slavery Cause, and on that account he felt grieved. His conviction was that on the subject of Slavery the British Evangelical Alliance was not worthy the confidence of the British public (cheers and disapprobation), and he called upon them to speak out upon the question.

The Rev. G. H. DAVIS now presented himself, and his appearance was the signal for a scene of the most discreditable uproar. Warmly cheered by his friends, he was, on the other hand, assailed with groans, hisses, catcalls, and cries of "turn him out." The Chairman interposed, and called for silence, but the tumult was renewed

Mr. DAVIS—Is it possible that some of you won't hear both sides of the question? (hisses, groans, and applause). Is it possible that you talk about courage, and won't hear me speak? (renewed uproar, and cries of "hear him," "turn him out"). Now, gentlemen, listen to me. I am here to make a statement, and make it I will (cheers and tumult). I should have thought the last charge that would be brought against me in the city of Bristol would be want of courage (noise, and a voice, "you wanted courage at the Assembly Room"). If I have a fault, it is not in that respect (renewed noises). There is no place at which I feel so much at home as at an Anti-Slavery meeting (a voice, "no, you sin't"). There is no one cause which I have pleaded all my life so earnestly as I have pleaded the Anti-Slavery cause. There has never been a year of my existence in which I have not been mixed up, more or less, with the Anti-Slavery advocacy; and in this very room, and upon this very platform, I have had the happiness of grasping by the hand, as advocates of the cause, men who have come from America to plead it (cheers and slight interruption). There is one point upon which I feel—(the remainder of the sentence was lost in the tumult). There is nothing like waiting, my friends; we shall be sure to come to an understanding by and by (cheers, laughter, and hisses). Mr. Davis then proceeded, amid occasional interruptions of a like kind. There were many points upon which they were all perfectly agreed. As to Slavery, there was not the slightest difference between them. There was no one topic upon which he was more desirous to act wisely and judiciously than upon that of American Slavery. The time was coming when it would be necessary for them to cultivate the closest friendship that was practicable with the American people. Their own countrymen were constantly going over to America, driven there by extremities from their own soil, and they naturally looked for a friendly and kind reception there. He was extremely desirous of so acting upon the question of American Slavery, that the people of that vast continent, and, notwithstanding its Slavery, that glorious Republic, should give English emigrants a kindly reception—a reception with open arms on that soil. And let him tell them that, looking to the present growth and spread of absolutism in Europe, the time might be more rapidly approaching than they imagined, when they would need the support of American sympathy. He wished, therefore, so to act that their American brother should not say, "You have trampled on us, you have despised us, you have provoked and insulted us, and now, in the day of your calamity, we will cast you off" (cries of "question," and applause). The question was how they were to act on the American mind most successfully on that very point of American Slavery (a voice, "by speaking out"). This very year he had had the pleasure, acting with his brethren in religious community, of passing a most important resolution on this subject. They knew that they would get many pro-slavery ministers here, brought to this country by the Great Exhibition, and they met calmly to consider how they were to treat them. They came to the resolution if such individuals presented themselves to any assembly over which they had control, or asked them permission to preach the everlasting Gospel from their pulpits, they must refuse to recognise and admit them. He thought that this resolution and the tenour of their past lives ought to give the assurance that there was nothing which could impress the American mind with the iniquity of Slavery which they were not willing to do. They must allow him one or two words on what he thought as to the alleged connexion of the Evangelical Alliance with Slavery, and also as to the constitution and nature of that body, for that would enlighten them on a few matters which at present they might not see the depth of (oh, oh). The Evangelical Alliance did not profess to be an alliance combining all Christian men. It was simply an alliance of certain Christian sections of the Christian Church, which combined certain common principles. He wished that its field were wider; there were certain sections of the Christian Church which he should be most delighted to see included in that body, and whose absence from it he most deeply regretted, but they could not include all. A line must be drawn somewhere, but in drawing that line they did not intend to cast the remotest imputation on the full Christian character and integrity of those who were without the line. It was necessary to make that observation in order to account for the absence of the Society of Friends, for instance, which he most deeply regretted. If he had the slightest conception that the Evangelical Alliance, by any step which it had taken or would take, or by any resolution it had adopted or might adopt, would be likely to advance American Slavery, he would abandon it to-morrow (cheers). There was nothing whatever in the union so necessary or attractive as to induce one to part with one iota of principle, and particularly with the principle of the abolition of Slavery. He would not continue in the alliance for a solitary moment after it had been proved to be the favourer of Slavery (cheers). What were the facts? At Birmingham the first provincial meeting was held, at which it was proposed to form an evangelical organization for the world. The very question of American Slavery prevented the combination. Englishmen would have nothing to do with an union which seemed to involve them in an alliance with pro-slavery American ministers. National organizations were obliged to be substituted. The British section passed the strongest resolution which was adopted by any religious body except the Friends, a resolution fully recognising and according with the glorious principle—abolition of Slavery (Mr. Davis read the resolution which is contained in the statement of the committee read to the meeting). As to the principle of pronouncing no "judgment on the personal Christianity of slaveholders," he contended for it (hisses and groans). None but the living God was to judge of that (cheers and interruption). Who was the man who could say it was impossible for the slaveholder, under any circumstances, to be a Christian? He held that as Christianity advanced in her glorious march Slavery would become extinct; but he could not say no slaveholder could be a Christian, no more than he could say, because he considered war incompatible with Christianity, that it was impossible any soldier can be a Christian (hisses). It was quite clear that the man who hissed had not cut his wise teeth yet (laughter and cheers). There was no religious body that had adopted so strong a principle as was contained in that resolution (a voice, "yes, the Unitarians"). He begged pardon; he had had a long conversation with Mr. Armstrong upon it, and he could say that was not so, and Mr. Estlin would tell them it was not so. The Unitarians, who, by their principles, could not be included in the alliance, could not exclude any one from the Lord's table. Any one might partake of the elements if inclined, and no questions asked. Was he to be told, then, that the Evangelical Alliance was a defaulter on the subject of Slavery when it had adopted a fundamental rule much stronger than any which any religious body in the kingdom had passed? (cheers). He was not come there to defend the American Alliance, but it was right the truth should be spoken of it. Its fundamental principle was not like that of the British Alliance—would that it were; but it declared its "deep and unalterable opposition to the stupendous evil (Slavery), and held it to be the duty of all men, by wise and Christian means, to seek its entire extirpation and removal from the land." That was its sentiment; perhaps pretty well, considering the unhappy atmosphere which it breathed. They in England had nothing to darken their minds whatever might have been the case twenty or thirty years ago, and they were prepared, as Englishmen, to take their stand and say to their American brethren, "You have not gone far enough; you must go much further before, as an alliance, you can be incorporated with us." What had been the result of the resolution which the American Alliance had adopted? It had made the body, so far as America was concerned, a mere nullity. They might hear of the American Evangelical Alliance and think much of it—all things appeared great till they became known; but it was a matter of fact that that alliance was scarcely an existing body. There was this year an organization of the Evangelical Alliance in London, and parties who were attending the Great Exhibition were invited, in order that the English members might hear detailed the position and prospects of the movement in other places. Every American who presented himself was asked if he was a pro-slavery man, and because some Anti-Slavery ministers refused to adopt the test, even they were excluded from their sessions (a voice, "Dr. Baird"). He read the speech of Dr. Baird with the profoundest sentiments of sorrow and indignation (hear), and the more so, because there was no immediate repudiation of what he would call its bullying sentiments towards this country. When he read the declaration that America would not do away with Slavery at their (England's) bidding, he felt his blood boil within him. At the same time he must say that, though in public that speech was not commented upon, yet in the conference every sentence of it was taken to pieces. There were men there who understood the whole bearing of American society as well as Dr. Baird, and Dr. Wilson, Cincinnati, declared that the sentiments which Dr. Baird advocated were incorrect, and the conference determined that, though the spirit of Dr. Baird might be admired, it could have no sympathy with his sentiments, and that, therefore, any re-union of the whole Christian body was an impossibility. The members of the alliance were [illegible] signs, persuasive, be mistaken, but they asked for a verdict of pure motive; that if they did appear to cast a shadow over the slave, it could only be from mistaken views, and that they would have credit given to them for perfect sincerity. Mr. Davis then proceeded at considerable length, and amidst frequent interruption, to refer to his dispute with Mr. Mathews. He said, when first he presented himself to him, he hoped, although not agreeing with his ultimate principles, that he might have introduced him to his congregation, and have stood by his side in advocating his cause. He disclaimed any intention of doubting Mr. Mathew's perfect integrity; he believed him to be what he represented himself to be; but it did seem to him a very extraordinary thing that a gentleman, delegated by a body in America, should be—for he knew not how many months—in this country without introducing his object to those to whom he was delegated (great uproar)—

Mr. NIELD—One word—

Mr. DAVIS—No. Liberty and fair play (cheers and hisses). I'll wait your pleasure, gentleman (uproar, and a voice, "let us have no tyranny"). Well, it is a great pity. I should have done by now, if you had allowed me, for it is a very short tale (renewed confusion, and a voice, "take some soup, Davis"). There is nothing I should be better pleased to give a hungry man than a basin of good soup (cheers and laughter). And when I have no good soup, I would next like to give him a good statement of plain facts. I have no doubt that my hungry friend there, will be glad to hear it (cheers and disapprobation). Mr. Davis went on to comment on the bill put forward, in which he was charged with misrepresentation. He complained of words being quoted in it as his, which he defied any one to point out in his letter, and asked if it was not too bad that a man, who had stood before the city so long, and against whose character there had not been the shadow of a blot, should have words put upon him which he did not use? He acquitted the Rev. E. Mathews of being a party to that bill; he would not have lent himself to the putting out a charge of misrepresentation against a brother minister of established character (oh, and cheers). He complained of Mr. Mathews persevering in his effort to address the alliance in opposition to the resolution of the committee for conducting the proceedings, while, if he had had a little patience, he might have had a meeting, at which he could have stated to the churches of Bristol all which he wished to detail. With regard to his (Mr. D.'s) statement, that there was no printer's name to the placard, he could only say he was not the only one who could not find it. He looked for it, Mr. Robinson looked for it, Mr. Smith looked for it, and there were plenty more who could not find it. It was now shown that, instead of being put where Messrs. Mathews usually put their names, it was hidden up in a corner (groans and confusion, amidst which Mr. Davis produced one of the bills and kept uttering sentences which were drowned by the noise—We next caught him)—In stating there was no name, I really gave Messrs. Mathews credit for——

Mr. MATHEWS (printer)—For what?

Mr. DAVIS—For a grace which does not belong to you (renewed tumult). Mr. Davis went on to express his fears that the Rev. Mr. Mathews' proceedings would not advance the cause he came to advocate. The result would show (uproar, and "no tyranny"). He urged his hearers not to forget the great good cause of Abolition—he wished success to every antagonism, whatever it might be, against American Slavery (cheers). He should leave the platform that night without a shadow of unkindly feeling towards any gentleman upon it—without a shadow of ill-feeling towards the Rev. Edward Mathews, or those whom he had consulted (oh, oh). On the contrary, he wished him well through the campaign he had undertaken, and that he might be successful in evoking in this country a strong feeling on the subject. He now had the honour of wishing them good night.

Mr. Davis and some friends here left the platform, amidst a tremendous uproar of cheering, hissing, groaning, shouting, and cat-calls, the confusion being heightened by Mr. Hudson, who stood in front of the chair assuming various grotesque attitudes, and derisively pointing attention to the Rev. Gentleman's departure.

Mr. ESTLIN said in reference to a remark by Mr. Davis, that he was the chairman of the committee of arrangement for preparing for that meeting.

Mr. HUDSON came forward to support the resolution. Hudibras has said—

> He who fights and runs away,
> Will live to fight another day;
> But he who is in battle slain,
> Will never live to fight again (laughter).

Did you ever see courage like that of the Bishop of King-street [laughter and tumult]? Why did he not stay and hear the reply? Because he knows that discretion is the better part of valour. I brand George Henry Davis as a coward [cheers and great confusion]. Let that be taken down and given to the citizens of Bristol. I was the Boy Jones who put the question at the Evangelical Alliance. I said, "My Lord Cavan I wish to put it very respectfully," and then Mr. Davis opened his masticatory apparatus [the remainder of the sentence was lost amidst the uproar]. I simply wanted the question put, "Has the Evangelical Alliance any connexion with Slavery?" I ask this meeting if that was an unreasonable question? [no, no]. If that question had been fairly answered there would have been no need of this meeting. You have been dragged here through men who fulminate against popery, and forget that popery is a principle which may be found elsewhere than below a cardinal's hat or above a red stocking [hear, hear]. Mr. Davis came here, I verily believe, to talk against time. Some may call him an orator, I call him a sublime talker [applause and disapprobation]. To come here and make such a statement as he has to-night and then to run away, is the *ne plus ultra* of cowardice [uproar]. Mr. Hudson went on to argue that, in saying that no slaveholder could be admitted to the British organization of the Evangelical Alliance, Mr. Davis had not told the whole truth. If a member of the American Alliance came to this country to-morrow, if he could not be admitted to the British Alliance sessions, he could sit side by side with men whose hands——[the remainder of the sentence was lost in tumult]. Mr. Hudson concluded by declaring that Mr. Davis' conduct was unworthy of his position [cries of "shame," mingled with applause].

The Rev. E. MATHEWS said, Mr. Davis had said that he was long in this country without making known the object of his delegation. He waited on Mr. Haycroft and stated his object, after which he was taken sick; Mr. Neild attended him, and he could not move in his mission. With respect to the words in the bill quoted between inverted commas, he understood Mr. Davis to mean, by "presenting his case," presenting the claims of the American Baptist Free Mission Society, and the alteration was made that the public might understand it.

Mr. NEILD stated that he attended Mr. Mathews in his illness, and interdicted his acting or speaking in public matters. His illness was an old American ague which had been increased by his "Lynching." Mr. Neild also read Mr. Mathews' credentials as a duly appointed agent of the society he represented.

Mr. MATHEWS, printer, explained that the name of his firm was affixed to the placard in the same way as it was at times appended to other full-set bills. On the small bills it was more conspicuous than usual.

The resolution was then put to the meeting and unanimously adopted, as were the other resolutions advertised.

Three cheers were then given for the Rev. E. Mathews and the Chairman, and somebody called out, "Three groans for the despot of King-street," which was responded to by part of the meeting, amidst cries of "shame" from others.

We have received a letter from the Rev. N. Haycroft in reference to this meeting, which the unusual pressure on our columns obliges us to omit. We gather from it that the Rev. Mr. Davis was attending to an important engagement on the evening in question, and was sent for from Broadmead by a zealous friend present in that assemblage. As soon as he had delivered his address, he was compelled to return and complete the business of his engagement.—*Bristol (Eng.) Mercury.*

## KOSSUTH.

### SPEECH OF WENDELL

first breath of foreign criticisms; hugging to its bosom with delight any eulogy that falls from the lips of noted men on the other side of the water. Is there any thing peculiar and to be remarked in the state of public affairs at the time of his visit? Yes, he comes precisely at the moment when one absorbing question has banished all others from the nation's mind. The great classes and interests of society crash and jostle against each other like mighty vessels in a storm. The slave question having, like Aaron's rod, devoured all other political issues, claims and keeps the undivided attention of excited millions. The lips of every public man are anxiously watched, and his lightest word scanned with relentless scrutiny. Pulpit and forum are both busy in the discussion of the profoundest questions as to the relations of the citizen to the law, and the real value and strength of our Institutions. For the first time, some men have begun to doubt whether they are compatible with free speech and Christianity; while men, called statesmen, either emboldened by success or hardened by desperate ambition, have been found ready openly to declare that the Union is possible only on condition that the sons of the Pilgrims consent to hunt slaves, and smother those instincts which have made the poets of all ages love to linger round the dungeon of the patriot and the stake of the martyr—with Tell and Wallace, with Lafayette and Silvio Pellico—with Charles Stuart hunted by the soldiery of Cromwell, and the Covenanter shot by that same Charles Stuart at his cottage door. Kossuth lands on a shore where humanity is illegal, and obedience to the Golden Rule of Christianity has just been declared treason. He was not ignorant of this state of things. Private individuals and public societies in England had placed in his hands ample evidence of the real character of American institutions, and the critical state of public opinion on the momentous question of enslaving every sixth man, woman and child in the land. Some besought him to pause ere he set foot on a land cursed with such a monstrous system of oppression, and all bade him beware of the temptation to which his position subjected him, of strengthening, by his silence or approbation, the hands of the oppressor. At such a time, and in the midst of such a people, we have a right to claim that he should walk carefully. He knew that he must throw the weight of his mighty name in the scale of one party or another, that was waging war for principle on this side the Atlantic. Senator Foote spoke truly when he said, from his seat in the Senate chamber, 'There is a great struggle going on through the world. It is between despotism and liberty. There is no neutrality in this struggle. No man can fail to be on one side or the other. He that is not with us is against us.' To which John P. Hale replied with such readiness, 'Exactly!' We have now that condition of affairs which George Canning prophesied when he said, 'The next war that passes over Europe is to be a war of ideas.' Now, wherever there is this war of ideas, every tongue takes a side. There is no neutrality. Even silence is not neutrality; but he who speaks a word of sympathy to his brother man is on the side of humanity and progress (loud cheers).

Now, I have brought three facts before you. A man whose simple name is an argument, whose opinion is a fact potent throughout the world in sustaining institutions of government. I have placed him in the midst of a people with every eye fixed upon him, to note his course and learn his opinion. I have shown that he is not ignorant of this his critical position. What has he done? No man expected that he should come into this Hall; that he should go into Anti-Slavery meetings; that he should take ground against the Fugitive Slave Bill. No. But you remember, when Alexander went to see Diogenes, and asked what he could do for him, the reply of the cynic was, 'Stand out of my light!' Now, the slave had at least the right to say to Kossuth, 'Stand out of my light!' Let the glowing sun of the humanity of the Nineteenth Century strike full upon me. Let the light and heat of those generous ideas, with which God has inspired some of the white race, fall upon me, to melt these chains of mine: and let not your lavish praise be the spell that shall lull to sleep the half-awakened conscience of a people who have just begun to attend to the neglected, and to remember the forgotten. Throw not the weight of your great name into the scale of those, my enemies, who glory in a national prosperity fed out of my veins, and worship a Union cemented with my blood.'

Take his speeches. Do they differ from those of the most pro-slavery American? Does he qualify his eulogy, does he limit his praise? Has he a word of sympathy for the oppressed, a hint, even, at any blot on our national escutcheon? Could he have spoken without taking a side, unless he had used the most guarded and qualified language? Take his speeches relating to the Constitution of the United States. Place them side by side with the speeches of Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate, with those of any of the men recognised as supporters of this Union, for its very quality of being an added ligament to hold the slave to his master. Is not the tone the same? Is not the eulogy of our Constitution as unqualified and as glowing? Dou you ever find the slightest allusion to the fact, that one-sixth part of the inhabitants under it are denied those personal rights which make the sufferings of the Magyar peasant tame in comparison? Thoughout this flood of sublime eloquence which he has poured forth with such lavish genius to applauding crowds, when has he been heard to speak a word for three millions of people in this land, outraged and trampled under foot; to intimate that he sympathized with them; to hint that he knew of their existence. Our country is 'great, glorious and free; the land of protection for the persecuted sons of freedom among the great brotherhood of nations.' This is his language. As I am speaking of one so much praised and trusted, let me read to you two or three lines, to show the tone in which he speaks of the Union whose President and courts have been occupied more fully, the last twelve months, with the recapture of fugitive slaves, and with the trial of men who have nobly aided them, than with any other cases whatever; a Union of which Daniel Webster says the Fugitive Slave Bill is the very bond and corner-stone—that it cannot exist without it; a Union pledged to pursue and recapture every man who has the heroism to escape from Southern bondage. 'Oppressed men will look to your memory as a token of God that there is hope for freedom on earth.' [this of a Union which returned Sims and Long to their chains, and by which fugitives have been returned by dozens from Ohio and Pennsylvania!]—'because there is a people like you to feel its worth and support its cause. Europe has many things to learn from America. It has to learn the value of free institutions, and the expansive power of freedom.' And this is a fair type of his general language. You know it.

We have just closed a war for the perpetuity of Slavery — every man, North and South, acknowledges it: a war which even the Senate of the United States pronounced wicked and unnecessary; which the noblest intellects of the land have reprobated; which all parties have justified on the ground of its necessity to preserve the Union by aiding Slavery, and not on the ground of justice, of humanity, or of liberty. What does he say of it? 'Take, for instance, the glorious struggle' [we sent out a party from a slave State across to Mexican territories; we, Protestants, set up Slavery on the soil which Catholics had purged from the stain]—'Take, for instance, the glorious struggle you had not long ago with Mexico, in which Gen. Scott drove the President of that Republic from his capital.' Mark you that language. I shall have occasion to refer to it again.

'I know how to read your people's heart. It is so easy to read it, because it is open like nature, and unpolluted (!), like a virgin's heart (!!). May others shut their ears to the cry of oppressed humanity, because they regard duties but through the glass of petty interest. Your people has that instinct of justice and generosity (!) which is the stamp of mankind's heavenly origin; and it is conscious of your country's power; it is jealous of its own dignity; it knows that it has the power to restore the law of nations to the principles of justice and right; and knowing itself to have the power, it is willing to be as good as it is powerful.'

These are the twenty millions of people whom George Thompson, with such striking truth, has described as engaged in one great slave hunt, with their President at their head, pursuing a poor trembling fugitive, flying for refuge to the flag of Great Britain, on the other side of the lakes. 'Your people have that instinct of justice and generosity which is the stamp of mankind's heavenly origin'!!!

'May your kind anticipations of me be not disappointed! I am a plain man. I have nothing in me but honest fidelity to those principles which have made you great, and my most ardent wish is, that my own country may be, if not great as yours, *at least as free and as happy*, which it will be in the establishment of the same great principles. The sounds that I now hear seem to me the trumpet of resurrection for down-trodden humanity throughout the world.'

What! free as the land where the Bible is refused to every sixth person! Free as the land where it is a crime to learn every sixth person to read! Free as the land where, by statute, every sixth woman may be whipped at the public whipping-post! Free as the land where the murderer of the black man, if the deed is perpetrated only in the presence of blacks, is secure from legal punishment! Free as the land, the banks of whose Mississippi were lit up with the horrid sight, not seen in Europe for two centuries, of a man torn from the hands of justice, and burned in his own blood, by a mob, of whom the highest legal authority proclaimed, afterward, that their act was the act of the people, and above the notice of the Judiciary! Free as the land, the beautiful surface of whose Ohio was polluted by the fragments of three presses—the emblems of free speech—and no tribunal has taken notice of the deeds! Free as the land whose prairie has drank in the first Saxon blood shed for the right of free speech for a century and a half—I mean the blood of Lovejoy! Free as the land where the fugitive dares not proclaim his name in the cities of New England, and skulks in hiding-places until he can conceal himself on board a vessel, and make his way to the kind shelter of Liverpool and London! Free as the land where a hero worthy to stand by the side of Louis Kossuth—I mean Ellen Crafts (great cheering)—had pistols lying by her bed-side for weeks, as protection against your marshals and your sheriffs, your chief justices and divines, and finds no safe refuge until she finds it in the tender mercies of the wife of that poet who did his service to the cause of freedom at Missolonghi!

But what does Kossuth wish for Hungary? 'My most ardent wish is, that my own country may be, if not as great as yours, at least as free and as happy, which it will be in the establishment of the same great principles.' 'As free and as happy'! Is that all that this loving son of Hungary can ask for his native land? Would he thrust back to serfdom one-sixth part of her twelve millions? Would he not blush to stand so near even to Austria, who compels her peasantry to learn to read, and make the teaching of every sixth Hungarian a penal offence? Would he legislate into existence a nation of Haynaus, and authorize them to whip Magyar women? Would he fill Hungarian prisons with Draytons and Sayres, the Torreys and Fairbanks?—Hungarian graves with Crandalls and Lovejoys? Would he hang his courts in chains, that his brother nobles might drag back their serfs in peace? Before he repeats such a wish, let him go and meditate one hour more in that dungeon whence one of his comrades went to his grave, and the other came out blind—let him send his thoughts back again to that refuge which the Sultan gave him when he refused, at the hazard of his Crescent, to surrender to his neighbour State the Hungarian Craft, Sims, Long, etc., who had escaped and claimed his protection. He would, it he be the man the world believes him, learn there that he never could consent to make Hungary what these United States are, and that he begs aid for his loved country too dear, if he begs it by words not truthful from the lips of Louis Kossuth.

'Happy art thou, free nation of America, that thou hast founded thy house upon the only solid basis of a nation's liberty! Thou hast no tyrants among thee to throw the apple of Eros into thy Union. Thou hast no tyrants to throw the fury of hatred into thy national family'! This he says, when he knows that the newspapers of one-half the Union are full of the records of the atrocities perpetrated by the white men upon the blacks, guilty of nothing but a skin not coloured like their own. I defy Kossuth to find in any German paper, at the very fount of Austrian despotisms, such advertisements as daily fill our Southern presses. I defy him to match the crimes and wickedness of the press that leagues with despotism in this land. Mothers sold with their infants, six weeks old, *together or apart*. I defy him to match the advertisements coming from the Southern States, calling for a man or his head: Fifty dollars reward for a man, dead or alive!

A land with three million of slaves, and not a tyrant! Free speech achieved on the floor of Congress only after a dozen years of struggle, and still a penal offence in one-half the Union—our jails filled with men guilty only of helping a brother man to his liberty—yet the keen eyes of the great soul can see nothing but a 'solid basis of liberty'! Southern Conventions to dissolve the Union—the law executed in Boston at the point of the bayonet—riot, as the Government calls it, stalking through the streets of Detroit, Buffalo, Syracuse, Boston, Christiana and New York—Massachusetts denied by statute the right to bring an action in South Carolina—Georgia setting a price on the head of a Boston printer—Senators threatening to hang a brother Senator, should he set foot in a Southern State—the very tenants of the pulpit silenced, or subjected to a coat of tar and feathers—one State proposing to exclude the [illegible] perambulating the country to save the Union—honest men exhorted to stifle their consciences, for fear the Ship of State should sink amid the breakers—the whole nation at last waking to Jefferson's conviction, that 'we have the wolf by the ears: we can neither hold him nor safely let him go'! Yet this man, whose 'tempest-tossed life has somewhat sharpened the eyes of his soul,' can see only a 'solid basis of liberty'! 'No tyrant to throw the apple of Eros in the Union;' 'to raise the fury of hatred in thy national family'! What place has such fulsome and baseless eulogy on the lips of a truthful and honest man?

I have a great deal more of the same tenor, but I shall weary your patience. You will not deny that this has been the general tenor of his addresses in America. Now, he says, I do it because I love Hungary so much.

Well, then, he is a patriotic and devoted Hungarian—grant him that! He loves Hungary so much that his charity stops at the banks of the Danube. He is a lover of his mother land. It is a great thing to suffer for one's mother land; but, still, it is a local patriotism. Even Webster loves the whites. It is something to love one's race, and so much is patriotism; but they claim for Kossuth that he represents the highest ideas of the nineteenth century. We do not dispute his title to this, that he has been devoted to Hungary. Grant him that. When Alexander had consecrated himself as a god, he sent word to the Lacedemonians that he had made himself a god, and they sent him back word—'Be a god!' So if men only claim for Kossuth that he is ready to do and dare all for Hungary, we are willing to reply with the Lacedemonians—'Be, to Hungary, her Washington.' The time was when even he claimed more, when he could proclaim that the cause of liberty was one the world over—that whoever struck a blow for justice and humanity anywhere, helped the oppressed the wide world through; while he who gave comfort to tyrants was the foe of all people. We felt that that lightning which melted the chain of the Hungarian serf, flashed a glad light into every hovel of the Carolinas; and that the blow which Garrison was striking on the gates of the American Bastile, lent strength to the hosts that battled on the banks of the Danube. So thought Kossuth once; but it is possible that his conviction was no manly fault, but only a fairy spell which legends tell us a running stream always dissolves, and that the waves of the Atlantic have washed it out, and flung him upon our shores a mere Hungarian exile, instead of one of those great spirits with which God at rare intervals blesses the ages, with hearts so large that for them the world is their country, and every man, especially every oppressed man, is a brother!

Men say, 'Why criticise Kossuth, when you have every reason to believe that, in his heart, he sympathises with you! Just for that reason we criticise him. Because he endorses the great American lie, that to save or benefit one class, a man may righteously sacrifice the rights of another. Because while the American world knows him to be a hater of Slavery, they see him silent on that question—hear him eulogize a nation of slaveholders—to carry his point. What greater wrong can he do the slave, than thus to strengthen his foes in their own good opinion of themselves, and weaken, by his example, that public rebuke to which the negro can alone trust for ultimate redemption? He whom tyrants hated on the other side the ocean, is the favoured guest of nations on this side. He eats salt with the Haynaus of Washington. It is high time that he explain to Europe the geographical morality that enables him to do it, and be still the Louis Kossuth whose wandering steps Russian vengeance thought worth while to follow. Could he have filed his tongue as cunningly at home, why should he have ever left Pesth! Or shall we deem him a man hotly indignant at his own wrongs, and those of his own blood, but cold to those of one whose skin is some few shades darker than his own?

Kossuth has sacrificed the cause of liberty itself. He has consented to praise a nation whose freedom is a sham. He has consented to praise the nation which tramples Mexico under foot. He has consented to praise them that he might save Hungary. Then rate him at his right price. The freedom of twelve millions bought the silence of Kossuth for a year. A world in the scale never bought the silence of O'Connell or Fayette for a moment. That is just the difference between him and them. O'Connell, (I was told the anecdote by Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton), in 1829, after his election to the House of Commons, was called upon by the West India interest—some fifty or sixty strong—who said—'O'Connell, you have been accustomed to act with Clarkson and Wilberforce, Lushington and Brougham, to speak on the platform of Freemasons' Hall, and advocate what is called the Abolition cause. Mark this! If you will break loose from these associates, if you will close your mouth on the slave question, you may reckon on our undivided support on Irish matters. Whenever your country's claims come up, you shall be sure of fifty votes on your side.' 'No!' said O'Connell; 'let God care for Ireland; I will never shut my mouth on the slave question to save her!' (loud cheers). He stood with eight millions, whom he loved; he stood with a peasantry at his back meted out and trodden under foot as cruelly as the Magyar; he stood with those behind him who had been trampled under the horses' feet of the British soldiery in 1782 and 1801; he knew the poverty and wretchedness, he knew the oppressions under which the Irish groaned; but never, for a moment, would he consent to lift Ireland—whose woes, we may well suppose, rested heavily on the heart of her greatest son—by the sacrifice of the interests or the freedom of any other portion of the race. 'When,' said the friend who told me this anecdote, in conclusion, 'when there were no more than two or three of us in the House of Commons, O'Connell, would leave any court or any meeting to be present at the division, and vote on our side.' That is the type of a man who tries by its proper standard the claims of all classes upon his sympathy. He did for Ireland all that God had enabled him to do; but there was one thing which God had not called upon him to do, and that was to speak a falsehood, or to belie his convictions. He did not undertake to serve his country by being silent when he knew he ought to speak, or speak in language that should convey a false impression to his hearers.

Kossuth is filled with overflowing love for Hungary, which lies under the foot of the Czar. Now, let us suppose a parallel case. Suppose that Lafayette were now living, and that the great Frenchman had seen his idea for liberty in France go down in blood. We will suppose that, despairing of doing anything at home, he had concluded to appeal to some foreign nation for aid; that Fayette, with his European reputation, considered the great apostle of human liberty, and his voice the seal and stamp of republican principles, Fayette goes to Vienna for help. He goes to Austria for help for his side in French politics, as Kossuth comes here for help on his side of Hungarian politics: to Austria, with Hungary bleeding at her feet, and Kossuth in exile.

After all, it is national politics in which he asks us to interfere, at whatever hazard. What is Hungary? Twelve millions of people under the iron foot of the Russian Czar, by means of his puppet, the Emperor of Austria. What says he to America? 'I do not wish to be entangled with American politics.' As one of our own citizens said to me the other day—'What comes this fellow here for? I do not wish to meddle with Austrian politics.' The question of the liberty of twelve millions in Hungary is as much a question of American politics as the question of the three millions of slaves under the United States Constitution, and the human beings sent back as chattels under the Fugitive Slave Law of 1851, is a question of American politics.

Do not think either that I am so far out of the way in sending Fayette to Austria. Let me turn aside before I finish the illustration. What is Austria? Who is Haynau? The culminating star of Austrian atrocity—the General whose name recalls everything that is monstrous in Austria's treatment of down-trodden Hungary. Haynau! What was it that the European press charged upon him as his greatest atrocity? Why, he whipped one woman, a countess; he whipped one woman at the public whipping-post. The press of Europe, from the banks of the Volga to the banks of the Seine, from the *Times* up to *Punch*, denounced him as a libel on the civilization of the nineteenth century, as a brute who had disgraced even the brutality of the camp, when he dared, in the face of Europe, in the nineteenth century, thus to outrage the common feeling of the world. That is Haynau; but he followed the example of half the States of this Union. There, woman-whipping is the law and custom of the land. There are a hundred thousand men and women in this nation, who have a right by law to whip a million and a half of women in fifteen of the Southern States. 'One murder makes a villain; millions a hero.' To whip one woman makes a monster; but to whip millions by statute is to make a country in regard to which it is the highest wish of Kossuth that Hungary may be like her!

In view of this and similar facts, I say, there is not a word of the language which he applies to Austria that is not equally applicable to the land which imprisons Drayton and Sayres in the jails of its capital, that pursues Shadrach without mercy, [illegible] land where [illegible] there is not a word of all this eloquent eulogy of ourselves which is not equally applicable to Austria.

I send Fayette, therefore, to Austria. Kossuth, sheltered by the Crescent, hears of the coming of Fayette to Vienna. How his heart beats! Now, from that voice, venerable with its age, strong in the millions that wait its tones, I shall hear the voice of a deliverer. Now the heart of every down-trodden Hungarian is to leap for joy; now a sunbeam shall light up the dungeons of my old comrades, for Fayette has entered Vienna. Listen! The first note that is borne to him down the waters of the Danube is that of Fayette speaking to Haynau of his 'glorious entry into the capital of Hungary,' as Kossuth speaks of the entrance of the Americans into the capital of Mexico. He listens, and every word of the eloquent Frenchman is praise of the Austrian Emperor and Austrian institutions; and he says—words Kossuth has used to the Americans—'Cling to your Constitution and your institutions. Cling to them! Let no misguided citizen ever dream of tearing down the house because there is discomfort in one of the chambers.' And suppose he hears him say—'Let no misguided Magyar ever dream of tearing asunder this beautiful empire of Austria, because there is discomfort in that one chamber of Hungary. What would have been his tone in answering Fayette! He would have said—'Recreant! What right have you to purchase safety for France by sacrificing the people of Hungary, and by eulogizing tyrants' (tremendous cheering)?

Just such is the message that the American slaves send back to Kossuth: 'Recreant! if you could not speak a free word for liberty the wide world over, why came you to this land stained and polluted by our blood? What right had you to purchase with your silence aid for Hungary, or throw the weight of your great name into the scale of our despair?' 'O, no!' said O'Connell, 'I will never tread that American strand, until she removes the curse of Slavery from her statute-book. It was well he did not. Hardly any man can stand against the temptations of our great political iniquity.

Kossuth has come here on the glorious mission of redeeming Hungary. God speed him in every step—honest step—that he takes to lift up the Magyar that he may raise the nations of Europe! But, O! if he only lift her up by using for his fulorum the chains of the slave; if he only lift her up by using language which shall strengthen the hearts of the oppressor in this land, which shall make those who love this Union lay the flattering unction to their souls—(Kossuth is an experienced man, he understands our institutions, and sees nothing to blame in them)—then perish Hungary before he succeed!

The very Congress that invited this man to our shores, and passed a resolution placing a national vessel at his service, is the very Congress that passed the Fugitive Slave Bill. He knows it. The very men who sent for the Hungarian exile condemned to hopeless bondage hundreds, who, but for that law, might have been saved. Why, if you had stood, as some of us have done, by the domestic firesides of hundreds of fugitive slaves, who had been happy at the North for ten, fifteen, aye, twenty years, and had seen the utter wretchedness of those persecuted ones, when they felt that father, or mother, or wife or child, must be borne away to the Southern plantation, or must make themselves exiles by going to Canada or even to England, and reflected that these scenes are wrought by the very men who welcomed the great Hungarian to this country, and then, when he came, that he had no words but words of eulogy, how should you judge his spirit?

Bear with me in yet one illustration more. Men are known by the company they keep. It seems to me right to judge Kossuth so in this instance. Suppose a friend of liberty had gone across the water six months ago. Would he have sought the society of the illustrious free spirits that were the apostles of the great idea of that country, or would he have gone to the court of the Czar? Would he have gone to the palace of Vienna, or to Metternich? Would he have gone to the country-seat of Haynau, or to any other name recognised the world wide over as an apostate to principle, to humanity, to equal rights? Or would he have gone to that Kossuth, that Dembinski—to the men who are now exiles, or imprisoned throughout the length of the Austrian empire, to the graves of those who have been murdered on battle-field or in Haynau's camp? Would not their prisons have been the first scene of his visit, that he might give his sympathy to the men who were suffering in a cause so dear to his heart? Certainly. We go where we are magnetically drawn; we cannot resist rushing into the arms of those whose hearts beat responsive to our own. If a Socialist visit Paris, he goes to Prudhomme. If an Anti-Slavery man goes to Paris, he goes to de Broglie. As Dr. Jackson said of his lamented son, who died recently in Boston, in whatever company he went, he nailed his flag high, that all men might know his principles (cheers). Now, I say that Louis Kossuth did not nail the flag of his principles high to the mast; if he had, Hangman Foote would never have invited him to Washington. The world-wide love of man, the burning enthusiasm, the hatred of all oppression, that gathered two hundred thousand living hearts in Hungary, melted them into one giant mass by the magnetism of his great nature, and hurled them like an awful thunderbolt against the throne of the Cæsars—all that has not crossed the Atlantic; if it had, the pro-slavery divines of New York—the men who say they dare not utter even a prayer for the three millions of blacks—would never have gathered around it. He will go to Washington, and to whom? To Daniel Webster and Hangman Foote. Had he been the Kossuth of Pesth, the Kossuth whom Georgey betrayed, he would have gone to the prison of Drayton and Sayres to see the men who have been made a sacrifice for the crime of loving their brother man as they loved themselves. He would have said: 'No matter what your laws are. I broke the laws of Austria for the Magyar.' The European who has rent parchments to rags when they stood in the way of liberty, who has trampled on laws a thousand years old when they stood in the way of humanity and justice; that man, who comes to America, and goes not to the prison of Drayton and Sayres, to the Court house where the men are being tried for the Christiana riots, as our press calls them, has lowered the tone of his spirit, and compromised that great fame which came over before him.

That is the indictment that the Abolitionists bring against him. It is not that he does not love Hungary. It is not that he is a coward, and that his philanthropy shrinks before the public opinion of America. No! We do not know that he was ever afraid of anything below God. Though no coward, he is selfish. Just as selfish as all patriotism is. He loves his own land, and to that land he is willing to sacrifice the duty he owes to truth. 'An advocate,' said Lord Brougham, defending Queen Caroline, 'by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world, THAT CLIENT AND NONE OTHER. To save that client by all expedient means—to protect that client at *all hazards and costs to all others*, and among others to himself—is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and *he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction, which he may bring upon any other*.' Now, that, in another form, is Kossuth's patriotism. 'I love Hungary,' says he, 'stand aside, all ye other races; I will so mould my language, I will so pour out my eulogy, I will so lavish my praise, that I will save her; let other races take care of themselves.' This, then, is the criticism of the Anti-Slavery reformer. Whoever strengthens the American Union, strengthens the chain of the American slave. Whoever praises the policy of this country since the Constitution began, whether in Florida or Mexico, strengthens the public opinion which supports it. Whoever strengthens that opinion, is a foe to the slave. Louis Kossuth has thrown at the feet of the Union party the weight of his gigantic name, and every conscience that had begun to be troubled is put to sleep: 'Kossuth is free from American prejudices, unbiased disinterested. He tells me to love the Union. So I will observe the laws; so I will banish the slave from my thoughts, as Kossuth does. Kossuth saves Hungary by subserviency to the South; I will save the Union in the same way.' This is the same old principle, the world round. How much truth may I sacrifice, in order to save some little Zoar in which God has given me a being? How much silencing of the truth is permitted us here by God, in order that we may help him govern the world? How many noble instincts may we stifle, how many despot-hearts may we comfort, to help God save America? None (great cheering) No, he did not send us into the world to free the slave. He did not send Kossuth into the world to save Hungary. He sent him into the world to speak his whole truth, for the white and the black man; to feel as a man for a brother man, and to *speak what he felt*; then, if Hungary is saved, to join the jubilee with which all would celebrate her salvation (loud cheers). O, men are so ready to take upon themselves the great responsibility of doing some great work in the world. I have got to save the Union, and therefore must return fugitive slaves. I have got to redeem Hungary, and therefore I may be an American doughface, instead of an European patriot.

This is the verdict that history shall bring. When [illegible] some great man, who has done service to his kind, if he be one who loved only his own race, or colour, or country, and stooped there—who loved a Frenchman because he was himself born in Paris—or, born in London, was ready to serve all Englishmen—if he were one who has rendered some great service to a single nation, or loved his own race and hated all others, he shall say, 'This was a great man—he was the Kossuth, the Webster of his day.' But when he shall dip his pen in the sunlight, to immortalize some greater spirit than that—one whose philanthropy, like the ocean, knew no bounds; the eagle of whose spirit, towering in its pride of place, looked down upon the earth, and saw blotted out from the mighty scene, all the little lines with which man had narrowed it out, and took in every human being as a brother, and loved all races with an equal humanity; who never silenced the truth, that the white man might longer trample on the black, or thought the safety of his own land cheaply bought at the price of lavish eulogies on the footstool of petty tyrants—he shall dip his pen in the gorgeous hues of the sunlight, and write, 'This was a greater man yet; he was a Garrison, an O'Connell, a Fayette' (loud and continued cheering).

Now, this is the exact difference which the Anti-Slavery world recognises in Kossuth. He is the man who has been content to borrow his tone from the atmosphere in which he moved. He has offered American patriotism the incense of his eulogy, and has, by that course, consented to do service to the dark spirit of American Slavery. We find no fault with any expression of his gratitude. But gratitude to the administration of the country was not necessarily eulogy of all its institutions. A man may thank a benefactor, without endorsing his character! He came to a land where every sixth man is a slave, and where the national banner clings to the flag-staff heavy with blood, and the lips which proclaimed the freedom of the Hungarian serf have found no occasion but for eulogy? He came to a land where the Bible is prohibited by statute to three millions of human beings, to whom, also, the marriage institution is a forbidden blessing, and the eminently religious Hungarian can find no occasion but for eulogy? He came to a land where almost every village in the free States has more than one trembling fugitive who dare not tell his true name, and the great martyr for personal liberty can find no occasion but for eulogy! He came to a land, of the fundamental arrangement of whose government, John Quincy Adams says, 'it is not in the compass of human imagination to devise a more perfect exemplification of the art of committing the lamb to the custody of the wolf,' and to 'call whose government a democracy would be to insult the understanding of mankind;' and the apostle of civil liberty sees only a 'glorious republic'—'great, glorious and free'—'the pillar of freedom'; and all he prays for his own country is, that 'she may be as free and as happy in the establishment of the same great principles'!!

He comes to a land where, according to the same indisputable authority, 'A KNOT OF SLAVEHOLDERS GIVE THE LAW AND PRESCRIBE THE POLICY OF THE COUNTRY,' and the indignant foe of Austrian rule, 'his eyes sharpened by a tempest tossed life,' finds no occasion but for eulogy! He comes to a land where, says the same venerable statesmen, 'the PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY is the VITAL and ANIMATING SPIRIT of the NATIONAL GOVERNMENT,' and where, since 1780, SLAVERY, SLAVE-HOLDING, SLAVE-BREEDING and SLAVE-TRADING HAVE FORMED THE WHOLE FOUNDATION OF THE POLICY OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT; and 'the sharpened eyes' of the European patriot, whose baptism of liberty was the damps of an Austrian dungeon, sees only 'a glorious country'—'great, glorious and free;' 'a glorious republic;' her 'glorious flag the proud ensign of man's divine origin;' the 'asylum of oppressed humanity;; her welcome 'the trumpet of resurrection for down-trodden humanity throughout the world;' her language 'the language of liberty, and therefore the language of the people of the United States;' his confidence of ultimate success springs from the thought, that 'there is a God in heaven, and a people like the Americans on earth.' He makes haste to declare how easy it is to read the heart of this slaveholding, slave-breeding and slave-trading people, because 'it is open like nature, and unpolluted like a virgin's heart;' that others may 'shut their ears to the cry of oppressed humanity, because they regard duties but through the glass of *petty interests*'! but this slaveholding and slave-trading people 'has that instinct of justice and generosity which is the stamp of mankind's heavenly origin: knows that it has the power to restore the law of nations to the principles of justice and right, and is willing to be as good as its power is great'!!! Does the great statesmanlike heart of Kossuth belive all this? If he does not, is the most devoted lover of liberty ever bound to lay on her altar the sacrifice of hypocrisy? or was any cause ever yet strengthened by lips that belied the heart?

In his last speech at Philadelphia, he goes, for the first time, further, explains his plan, and pledges himself distinctly to silence. There are two words which one would think Kossuth had never conquered, even in his marvellous mastery of the English tongue—'Slavery' and 'Slaveholding'; and even here, while necessarily alluding to them, he cannot frame his lips to speak their syllables. Some one had forged the following letter to him, warning him of his nearness to the slaveholding States:—

DECEMBER 23, 1851.

HON. LOUIS KOSSUTH:

*Respected Sir:* It is my unpleasant duty to apprise you that the intervention or non-intervention sentiments that you have promulgated in your speeches in the city of New York, are unsuitable to the region of Pennsylvania, situated as she is on the borders of several slaveholding States, and after a conference with my distinguished uncle, the Hon. John Sargent, the Hon. Horace Binney, and other distinguished counsellors, who concur with me in the sentiment I feel, most reluctantly, I assure you, that such sentiments are incendiary in their character and effect, and, as the conservator of the public morals and the peace of the country, having sworn to comply with the Constitution of the United States and the State of Pennsylvania, on taking upon myself the office of Attorney General of the County of Philadelphia, I shall be obliged to bring any such sentiments to the notice of the Grand Inquest of the county for their action and consideration.

Respectfully,
W. B. REED, Att'y Gen.

Kossuth thus comments on this letter:

'Now, such a letter, and yet a forgery, indeed, is a despicable trick; but though it is a forgery, still there is one thing which forces me to some humble remarks, precisely because I know not whence comes the blow. I am referring to these words: "Your intervention or non-intervention sentiments are unsuited to the region of Pennsylvania, situated as she is on the borders of several slaveholding States." I avail myself of this opportunity to declare once more that I never did or will do any thing which, in the remotest way, could interfere with the matter alluded to, nor with whatever other domestic question of your united Republic, or of a single State of it. I have declared it openly several times, and on all and every opportunity, I have proved to be as good as my word. I dare say that even the pledge of the word of honour of an honest man should not be considered a sufficient security in that respect. The publicly avowed basis of my humble claims, and the unavoidable logic of it, would prove to be a decisive authority.

'What is the ground upon which I stand before the mighty tribunal of the public opinion of the United States? It is the sovereign right of every nation to dispose of its own domestic concerns (great applause). What is it I humbly ask of the United States? It is that they may generously be pleased to protect this sovereign right of every nation against the encroaching violence of Russia. It is, therefore, eminently clear that, this being my ground, I cannot and will not meddle with any domestic question of this Republic (applause). Indeed, I more and more perceive that, to speak with Hamlet, 'there are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in my philosophy'' (laughter and applause). But still, I will stand upright, on however slippery ground, by taking hold of that legitimate fence of not meddling in your domestic questions.'

What, then, is the shadowy line by which, while he claims our sympathy and aid for Hungary, he separates the slave's claim from his own? Simply this. Hungary asks for rights which ancient charters secured to her; the slave has no charters, no parchments, to show; therefore, we ought to love and aid the Magyar; therefore, Douglass can claim nothing of Kossuth! And can the soul of Kossuth rise no higher than the level of human parchments? or can he plead for liberty with such bated breath and whispered humbleness, that to serve his purpose he can remember always to forget the self-evident rights which God gave—to which the slave has as much right as the noblest Magyar of them all? More than this, can he find it in his heart to [illegible] name, the hands of the ruthless violator of those rights—cry 'glorious' and amen, while the black is robbed of his hard toil, of the Bible, of chastity, wife, husband, and child, only to persuade slaveholders to aid in securing for the Magyar peasant the right to vote, and the Magyar noble the right to legislate? The world thought his lips had been touched by a coal from the altar of the living God—and lo! he has bargained away his very utterance, and presents himself before us thus cheaply bought and gagged!

His parallel of the non-intervention of States is not a just one. No one asks England to interfere with our slave question; but, on the other hand, she pronounces no opinion on our government in general; she does not expend herself in glowing, unqualified, and indiscriminate eulogy of our institutions, or strengthen the hands of their friends by holding them up to the world as the first hope of redemption to oppressed nations, and the fairest model of republican perfection. The same is true of Kossuth. While at home, all the world asked of him was to stand in his lot, and do gallant battle for his land and people. When he comes here, and gives the listeniug world his judgment of our institutions *mingling himself thus, whether he will or no*, with our great national struggle—he owes it to truth, to liberty and the slave, that such judgment should be a true, discriminating and homest one. If the opinion he has pronounced be his honest judgment, what will men say of that heart whose halting sympathies allowed him to overlook a system of oppression which Wesley called the 'vilest the sun ever saw,' and which made Jefferson 'tremble for his country, when he remembered that God was just'? If it be not his honest judgment, but only fawning words, uttered to gain an end, what will men say of the Jesuit who thought that he owed it to Hungary to serve her, or, indeed, imagined that he could serve her, by lips that clung not to the truth? When Rome's ransom was weighing out, the insolent conqueror flung his sword into the scale against it. So at the moment when the fate of the slave hangs trembling in the balance, and all he has wherewith to weigh down the brute strength of his oppressor is the sympathy of good men and the indignant protest of the world, Kossuth, with the eyes of all nations fixed upon him, throws the weight of his great name, of his lavish and unqualified approbation, into the scale of the slaveholder, crying out all the while, '*Non-intervention*'!

Truly, these eyes that see no race but the Magyar, and no wrongs but those of Hungary, may be the eyes of a great Hungarian and a great patriot, but God forbid they should be the eyes of a man or a Christian!

*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* Every heart responds to the classic patriot, and feels that it *is* indeed good and honourable to *die* for one's country, but every true man feels likewise, with old Fletcher of Salteun, that while he 'would die to serve his country, he would not do a base act to save her.'

THE ORDER OF THE LONE STAR.—The New Orleans correspondent of the Mobile Tribune, gives the following account of a new order lately established in the South West:

"This formidable association, which has sprung up within a few months, already numbers numerous lodges in this city, and is stretching its arm of brotherhood throughout the South and West. It is estimated that within a year this secret order will number thirty thousand; embracing within its ranks, men of the first talent, standing and wealth in the country. Their treasury is already strong, and a fund is accumulating at their disposal that will soon be counted at hundreds of thousands. They make no secret of their objects, but delare by printed constitutions, and otherwise, that the design of their organization is to extend the area of liberty. There can be no doubt that their ultimate intentions point to the overthrow of Spanish American sovereignty, and the annexation of Cuba to the United States, or to its independence, as a separate republican government. With the "sinews of war" at their command, men without number, the sympathies of the slave States in their favour, and the highly mercurial and martial spirit of the South to second their efforts, a demonstration may be made that will astonish the world. The end is yet to be seen."

Fredrica Bremer arrived at Stockholm on the 29nd November last, in season to be present at the funeral of her elder sister, Miss Marie Bremer, from whom she inherits a very large fortune.

COLOURED SEAMEN ARRESTED.—Eleven coloured men, who arrived at New Orleans in the ship Esmeralda, from Liverpool, have been arrested for, having entered the State in contravention of law.


## National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†‡† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1852.


### THE "DEMOKRATISCHER VOELKERBUND" AND M. KOSS

Finding his efforts dangerous as well as fruitless, he desisted, and they thrust her into the carriage and started for Maryland, being then but a mile or two from the line.

Miller raised the alarm among the neighbours, and a number started in pursuit. They traced the carriage to Havre-de-Grace, but arrived too late; the kidnappers had taken the cars for Baltimore. Miller and his friends followed in the next train. Arrived at Baltimore, they gave notice of their errand, and interested in it some of the friends of humanity, the most active of whom were Samuel Townsend and Mr. Cochrane. The girl was at length found in one of the slave-pens of the city, where she was placed as a slave; but her alleged claimant was unable to identify her, and it was made manifest on the spot—to many at least—that she was a free woman.

McCreary was in the act of removing her, probably to some place where she would be under his control, when he was prevented, and a warrant having been taken out, he was arrested. He was carried before a Justice of the Peace, and, after a partial hearing, was bound over to appear again on the 7th inst. The principal witness against him was Joseph C. Miller.

After the hearing, Mr Cochrane took Miller and his companions to his house, and, having fears for their safety, kept them in till they had their tea and the hour arrived at which they were to start for Pennsylvania. They were then sent in a cab, or cabs, to the Depot. They entered the cars and took their seats. Mr. Miller, desiring to smoke a segar, went out to stand on the platform. His companions followed him soon after, and, not finding him there, they went out and looked at the other end of the car, but still seeing nothing of him, they turned to come into the car again, but in doing so one of them was tapped on the shoulder by a person who said a friend wished to see him "at the other end of the car, or car-house." Fearing some mischief, he gave no heed to the man, and re-entered.

The cars started. At Havre de-Grace, they looked through all the train for Miller, but did not find him. They then returned to Baltimore to make further search. Early in the morning, they commenced inquiries, and continued them through the day, without effect. They finally returned without him. On the 2d inst., his body was found near Stemmer's Run, nine miles from Baltimore, suspended to a tree, by two handkerchiefs tied together. His lower extremities were touching the ground almost from the knees.

Mr. Miller was a highly respectable farmer, in good circumstances, and there was nothing in his character, as there was certainly nothing in the circumstances, to justify the belief of suicide. He was not in the habit of carrying more than one handkerchief, and never wore a neck-handkerchief.

Threats of violence had been used at Baltimore by the McCreary party, and a gentleman of our acquaintance is willing to testify that he heard a person in the Gorsuch party, after the treason trials, utter a distinct threat of hanging the first Abolitionist that they should catch in Maryland. Our informant tells us that the universal impression in West Nottingham seemed to be that Mr. Miller was foully murdered; and from all the facts we have thus far been able to glean, this is almost an inevitable conclusion.

We trust the whole matter will receive a thorough investigation. No pains, no time or money should be spared to sift this matter to the bottom. Every man in the community has an interest in bringing the facts to light.

A requisition for McCreary has been granted by Governor Johnston upon the Governor of Maryland. But as the Executive of that State feels especially called upon to extend its protection to suspected and convicted kidnappers, we do not feel any certainty of the requisition being complied with. We shall see, however, in a few days.

ANOTHER NARRATIVE.

☞We subjoin a letter from a valued correspondent in Baltimore, whose statements differ slightly in one or two points from those of our informant given above. His narrative, however, is in some other respects more complete than that of our informant.

*Correspondence of The Freeman.*

BALTIMORE, Jan. 4th, 1852.

I am about to give you a narrative of events here, of recent date, well calculated to furnish a new and most horrific commentary upon the Fugitive Slave Law and the new construction of the Treason Law, while probably accounting for the origin of the vague statement, which you have copied from the *North American*, representing that the notorious slavecatcher, McCreary, of this State, had himself been compelled to play the "fugitive" by the indignant inhabitants of a portion of your State. The painful and horrifying tale may be thus told:

On Wednesday last, McCreary brought on to this city, and lodged in the slave pen of the Messrs Campbell (late Slatter's), a coloured woman named Rachel Parker, from West Nottingham, Pennsylvania, as the alleged slave of a Mr. Schoolfield, a lottery dealer here, whose power of attorney McCreary produced, while pretending to have no legal authority whatever for her arrest. Sundry inhabitants of this neighbourhood followed on, just as in the well-rembered Mitchell case, in which McCreary figured also, not having even taken time to doff their working clothes. Among them was Joseph C. Miller, with whom, it seems, Rachel had lived as a free woman. The latter having testified to that effect, before Justice Pennington, a warrant was placed in the hands of Officer Abell for the arrest of McCreary, on the charge of kidnapping. He was arrested accordingly, and, after a preliminary hearing, the woman was committed to the city prison, and both McCreary and his accuser were held to bail in $200 (!) for their appearance at a further hearing on Wednesday next. Both parties were now prepared to run home by the cars.

Miller and his party met at the slave pen, previous to taking the train, and McCreary was heard to make the most furious threats of what he would do, or have done with Miller, after he should have proved the woman to be the slave of the claimant. Among other consequences, conviction of perjury and treason being named, Miller, who is a timid man at all times, was discovered to be greatly alarmed—so much so that his accompanying neighbours and other friends and advisers here had no little difficulty in re-assuring him of his safety, despite the characteristic maledictions of the slavecatcher.

At length Miller and his party took their places on the cars, with tickets for Havre-de-Grace, where they found McCreary, most unfortunately for Miller's mental comfort, not to say his personal *safety*. Upon arriving at the appointed station, Miller's friends missed him from the train, with the worst fears as to his possible fate. It having been ascertained that he got off at Stemmer's Run, a watering station about eleven miles from this city, diligent inquiry was made for him on Thursday, without any tidings. The news of his mysterious disappearance having meanwhile been received in this city, produced no little excitement, as it was well calculated to do, especially among such as had not a very favourable opinion of that despicable class of beings, the professional slavecatchers in general, and of McCreary in particular. Whisperings of possible "foul work" were heard from lips not a few—of course *whisperings* only in this Slavery-bound community, where *mouschood* so generally takes the place of manhood!

The reader will now be prepared for any *denouement*, however appalling, and I will proceed to transfer the startling one given in the *Sun* of Saturday. It appears that at an early hour on Friday morning, Miller's lifeless body was discovered by several persons partially suspended from a tree in the vicinity of Stemmer's watering station, on the Baltimore and Philadelphia railroad. The party that made the discovery were going out to work, and were frightened upon beholding the appaling sight. The body was immediately taken down, and efforts about to be made in order to restoration, but all human instrumentalities were useless, for the limbs and frame were stiff. His feet were resting upon the ground, and around his neck was a handkerchief, recognized as his own, at one end of which was a noose connecting it with *another handkerchief*, which was firmly tied around the body of the tree, not above five feet from the ground. Coroner Gittings, of Baltimore county, was then sent for, and upon his arrival an inquest was held, the jury rendering a verdict of death occasioned by suicide.

The *Sun's* reporter further adds, that "a thorough investigation" was had by the jury of inquest, but I have purposely omitted to take that for granted, well knowing from frequent observation of similar investigations, the degree of thoroughness—if that word be capable of camparison—which such cases get in slaveholding communities, when our "peculiar institutions" (to say nothing of Southern reputation), happens to be involved even indirectly. I mean no imputations of malfeasance against the jury, of whose action I know nothing officially, and mean only to indicate my caution in such matters, and my disposition to await such future developements as may be made, for I hope this matter may not be suffered to drop, and that to the contrary, the authorities of your State will insist on the mystery being thoroughly investigated.

Our papers vary somewhat, strange as it may seem, as to their statements, comments, deductions and their surmises respecting the *quo modo* of poor Miller's death. The Patriot (Whig) says: "It is alleged that Miller perjured himself in the charge he preferred against McCreary of kidnapping the girl—that he testified that she had been living with him for seven years, and that he knew her from a little child, when there is positive evidence to show that she is the property of Mr. Schoolfield, N. Calvert street, and has only been absent from Maryland about four years. She was arrested by Mr McCreary as a runaway slave, he having a power of attorney from Mr. Schoofield to get possession of her. The knowledge of this perjury is alleged to have preyed upon Miller's mind and induced him to take his life. He was 34 years of age, and lived in West Nottingham, where he leaves a wife and five children."

The Argus, (Democrat) says: "There are some who suspect the agency of murderous means in bringing about this fatal result, and time will probably determine whether their suspicions rest upon something more substantial than the baseless fabric of a supposition."

It is not at all likely that we shall have any further light from the "further hearing" appointed for Wednesday, now that McCreary has been so lucky as to the fate of the accusing and principle witness against him. Of course he will now appear, without regard to the enormous amount of bail. ($800!) under which the Justice put him, and come off with "flying colours;" and then return again to his compound patriotic duties as mail-contractor under the government, and slave-catcher general for Maryland! The *disposition* so "providentially" made (for him) of the person of Miller, will have saved him from the so much dreaded effect of his *deposition*, to his great joy, doubtless, while his employer will not be much disposed to shed many tears over the result which the *finale* will bring to his coffers, full as the questionable business in which he is understood to have filled them already.

I will not take up your space with any inferences of my own as to the real agency by which poor Miller has found an untimely grave under such appalling circumstances. But, whether he "died of his own hands," as so confidently inferred by some of our papers, or by the "foul play" of other's hands, which may have supplied "*another handkerchief*" spoken of by the *Sun's* reporter—whether his timid mind was turned to the contemplation of suicide by fear of legal strangulation, which he "anticipated," to quote one of our papers—one thing is certain, and that is, that Slavery and the laws which it has secured as a *cordon* for its desired perpetuity, are fairly made responsible for this terrible occurrence. To the long and formidable "account current" of our "domestic affairs" it must be added, while it will furnish a most delectable commentary, under the most favourable version for Slavery possible, on the effects of the Slave-catchers' Bill and the new version of Treason, to say nothing of the encouragement which these influences have given to that most villainous and loathsome class of employers, whose glaring infamy goes to make up the blackened record of the history of our boasted Republic—the McCrearys, the Klines, and the Albertis, who supply the offices of the natural blood-hounds used elsewhere for the capture of liberty-seeking fugitives. S.

INVITATIONS TO KOSSUTH.—The Massachusetts Legislature has passed a resolution inviting Kossuth to visit that State. That of Maryland has done the same thing, but has taken the precaution to repudiate beforehand his doctrine of "intervention for non-intervention." In the Assembly of this State Mr. Conger has offered the following resolutions, which were laid on the table under the rule:

Whereas, The visit of Louis Kossuth has awakened in the hearts of the people of the State of New York, a just sympathy for the exile for freedom's sake, and an exalted appreciation of his capacity under the Divine Providence, so as to direct the councils of his nation, that it may assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle her,

And whereas, it is the inalienable right of the United States to declare that is lawful for every nation to maintain its independent existence and conserve its political institutions in accordance with its own sovereign will and pleasure, and also that these United States are not indifferent to the action in any Government, in whatever hemisphere, by which the existence of any other government and the rights and liberties of its people are violated or injured, Therefore be it

Resolved, (If the Assembly concur), That we esteem it a duty at all times incumbent on our Federal Government, to express to any nation with which it holds diplomatic intercourse, and in an appropriate manner, its decided disapproval of all violent interference on the part of such nation to impair the constitutional rights of any other nation, or threaten its political existence, and further to unite with any civilized powers who may signify their assent thereto, in an effort to restore, by a peaceful mediation, the oppressed nation and its rightful claims.

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur.) That to Louis Kossuth we award a pure and exalted aim in the efforts he is making for his country's good and for the stability of free constitutions throughout the world, and we also recognise in the manly annunciation of the end he hopes to compass, a practical and honest purpose appropriate to the thrilling eloquence with which he maintains and illustrates the grand primordeal truths of national rights and duties.

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur,) That the Governor of the State of New-York be requested to invite Governor Kossuth to visit Albany and address this Legislature at the earliest day which may suit his convenience.

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur,) That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the President of the United States, and to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress.

KLINE THE SLAVE-CATCHER.—This notorious negro-hunter of Philadelphia, is not always successful in keeping, however much he may be in catching, the victims of his slave-trading employers. On the 31st ultimo, the Christiana prisoners were removed from Philadelphia to Lancaster County, where nine of them were afterward discharged. But Kline, who had received information of the proposed proceeding, was on the spot and promptly arrested one of the men, named Williams, as a fugitive slave, and reached Pennington-ville, on his return from Philadelphia, with his prisoner. There Williams contrived to elude the watchfulness of his guard, and made his escape. We have heard nothing of his recapture, and probably, ere this, he is safe from the despotism of the Republic under the protecting care of Monarchical Institutions.

A correspondent of *The Liberator*, writing from Pennsylvania, tells a story, in relation to Kline, which is worth repeating. He says that Mrs. Hanway, the wife of Castner Hanway, who was with her husband during his imprisonment in Philadelphia, and visited daily all his fellow-prisoners, on one occasion, overheard, at a cell door a poor coloured man praying first for her husband and herself, then for each of his coloured companions, and winding up with this extraordinary petition: "O, Lord God Almighty! I pray thee to take Kline, and shake him! Hold him over the gulf of Hell, but don't drop him in! Shake him, O Lord, shake him well!" Of course the spirit of forgiveness thus manifested by this poor fellow is greatly to be commended, though our private opinion is that when Kline gets so far as the shaking, his chance of not being dropped, "unless priests cheat us laymen," is a very small one.

HON. HENRY CLAY, who is still very ill at Washington, has had a long interview with M. Kossuth, in which he expressed great sympathy with the struggle for Hungarian independence, but avowed his hostility to the doctrine of the intervention of this Government in the affairs of Europe. Mr. Clay is too near the grave to indulge in any aspirations for the Presidency, and can afford, therefore, to speak his honest sentiments; while Cass, Webster, Douglass, and other great men at Washington, vie with each other in catering to the popular sentiment created by the visit and speeches of Kossuth. These gentlemen have spent the past week in the solution of the new mathematical problem—the growth of our wonderful institutions—that a part is greater than the whole. There is not one of them that is not ready to seal his devotion to the principles of universal liberty by martyrdom; nor one of them who would not hang as a traitor any one who shall put these principles into practice in giving liberty to his next-door neighbour, Universal liberty, according to American ethics, does not include the particular liberty of any body within our reach.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.—The Legislature of this State has commenced its session at Albany, and organized the House by choosing Jonas C. Heartt, (Whig), of Troy, as Speaker, and Richard U. Sherman, (Whig), as Clerk. The Message of the Governor has been published, and a considerable portion of it is devoted to an examination of the condition of the free coloured people of this country. The argument of his Excellency is, that, inasmuch as we have already wronged and oppressed the coloured people, we should continue and add to that wrong and oppression by compelling them to submit to exile among a savage people, to a deadly climate, and inhospitable soil. This is the Gospel according to the Whig party.

☞GOVERNOR JOHNSTON, of Pa., who has just retired to give place to his Loco-foco opponent, has returned to the Legislature the bill, passed at the close of the last session, repealing the law in relation to kidnapping and the reclamation of fugitive slaves, with his veto. It is not likely that the present Legislature will meet with any such obstacle if it is disposed to make the State an open field for man-hunting.

DEATH OF KOSSUTH'S MOTHER.—The Vienna correspondent of the *Boston Atlas*, in a letter dated Dec. 20, states the mother of M. Kossuth died at Pesth on the 16th of the same month. Previous intelligence had been received of the arrest of his sisters, and anxiety on their account is said to have hastened the mother's death.

A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT of the *Tribune* thus speaks of the influence of the long debate in the House on the reception of Kossuth. We copy it as the remark of an intelligent observer, and not because we believe him to be correct in the conclusions he draws. The South, the advocates of Slavery every where, no more fear the influence of Kossuth than they do that of Webster. He can talk as bravely as a Magyar on Freedom, but is there on God's earth a man who is fool enough to believe it is any thing but talk? Here is the remark of the letter-writer:

The effects of such proceedings, especially under the announcement of yesterday, that the demonstration in favour of Kossuth is a demonstration against Slavery in the South, can admit of no question. Its inevitable result is to stir the blood of every man in the free States who feels for the oppressed of other countries, and whose spirit yearns to honour and applaud Kossuth. The fact that a few men in Congress from the Slave States, by a factious course of proceedings, are determined to thwart the expression of the national welcome to, and the national sympathy for, the great champion of freedom in the Old World, simply because that expression is deemed unfavourable to Slavery, will certainly inspire a fresh oppugnation everywhere to the peculiar institution. We wonder at the short-sightedness of Slavery men. Every day's discussion, and every day's proceedings, like those of the last few days, is deepening the Anti-Slavery sentiment where it already exists, and causing it to take root in thousands of minds who have so far resisted its growth. It is swelling the great current of hostility to Slavery, and giving a new impetus to what is termed "Free Soilism" throughout the North. It is a renewal of the "agitation" which has been so often ended and quelled of late, and brings the doctrines of freedom before the public in virgin form, with regenerated aspect, and in new and winning attitudes.

HON. W. H. SEWARD will accept our thanks for a copy of his eloquent speech in the Senate on the resolution in honour of M. Kossuth.

We are also indebted to HON. O. FOWLER of the House for valuable public documents.

As there are not many members of Congress disposed to extend such courtesy to an Anti-Slavery newspaper, we are the more grateful to those who do.

THE TRIAL OF WILLIAMS, who is accused of having gone to Christiana to inform the slaves of Gorsuch that the hunters were on their track, commenced at Philadelphia on Monday last.

## Communications.

### *MEETINGS IN HERKIMER COUNTY,*

BY MISS SALLIE HOLLEY, PARKER PILLSBURY, AND LEWIS FORD.

DEAR FRIEND GAY: It was a pretty good answer, when some one asked his friend it he had read the "Pilgrim's Progress," and he said, "No, but I am making it." We are making it too, with all its variety of incident and circumstance. Since I last wrote, we have held meetings in Cedarville, East Winfield, Jerusalem and Exeter; all well attended except at Jerusalem. From that place, we had to turn (as did the first apostles from their city of the same name) to the Gentiles, at Exeter, who received us much more joyfully, and even pressed us to stay beyond our first engagement, and listened most devoutly to our gospel.

But at Jerusalem, we seemed to labour almost in vain. Our excellent friends, the Ryders, exerted themselves most commendably, and aided us all in their power, in various ways. But we could not call out the people.

At our first meeting, when scarcely five-and-twenty were present, friend Ford made some complaint about the want of interest in the town. But we were told that on Sunday, when the only public notice of our meetings was given, there were but EIGHT persons at church. "Yes," said a lady, "and that was a larger meeting than usual, owing to there being a minister to preach who is much more popular than the regular occupant of the pulpit." So we concluded to call ours, which was full three times as large, "a mass meeting." The next evening, our numbers were more than doubled. You have no idea how the churches are fading into oblivion. And I have no hesitation in declaring that the cause of humanity and goodness is reviving in the same proportion.

At West Winfield, we should have been entirely overpowered by sectarian and religious zeal and spite but for the fidelity of woman. When the "men folks" had given up, and had bid God speed us on our way somewhere else, then the women threw themselves into the contest, procured a house and a fine congregation for Miss Holley, and that opened the way for me; so that, after all, the Ahab of sectarianism was slain, and, like him of Old Testament days (was it not Ahab or was it Abimelech?), was slain by a woman.

And our meetings at Exeter were most excellent. The addresses of Miss Holley were listened to with breathless attention; and, though much longer than I had heard from her before, every body regretted that she closed so soon. In any but an unpopular cause, they would have immortalized her name. I think our holy enterprise will not be disappointed if it shall expect very much from her able and faithful labours.

We have but little discussion, except upon the Liberty Party. The position of that party seems to me very peculiar. I think it "*the peculiar institution*" of the North. It seemed to me not to be understood. It calls the Constitution of the United States *Anti-Slavery;* it declares it always was so. Then, of course, there is "no Union with slaveholders," and never was. Every slaveholder is a felon, an outlaw. There is no Congress, and never was, unless kidnappers, felons, outlaws, desperadoes and pirates can make a Congress. All the acts of such a body are, of course, unconstitutional, being made by those whom the Constitution knows, only to shoot or hang, as the vilest of criminals.

And yet that party is trying to elect men to that very Congress. Is it sure they can enter if elected? They must hold every slaveholding member as a pirate and robber under the Constitution. They must declare that instrument is his death warrant, the moment it can be rightly interpreted. They must treat him as a felon, in the halls of legislation, and everywhere else. They must denounce the Fugitive Slave Law as a COVENANT FOR KIDNAPPING; and the body that enacted it, and the President who signed it, the Attorney General, the Supreme Court, and Daniel Webster, all as kidnappers; and the Commissioners, the Marshals and the Deputy Marshals, as kidnappers with them, whenever or wherever they attempt to execute that law.

And then they must declare every slave is free, in the District of Columbia, in the Territories, and all the States. They must say to every slaveholder in the nation, "You are an outlaw and a robber; and so soon as our party prevails, and the army and navy are at our command, you shall be so held and treated; then, unless you loose your hold upon your victims, you will wash out your sin in your own blood; and if the generations of peeled and plundered slaves shall demand pecuniary redress for long-continued injuries, it shall be awarded them, though it give them all the soil they have tilled, from Mason & Dixon's line to wherever our hitherto fleeting Southern boundary shall rest. All this is demanded under a true interpretation of the Constitution; and, so help us God, all this shall be done, in the first hour that the army and navy shall obey our commands." Such seems to me the legitimate result of the Liberty Party interpretation of the Constitution. And yet, out here in this stronghold of that party, we are denounced by its leaders and themselves as Disorganizers and Disunionists, and especially No-government men, while they are *par excellence*, the true friends of the government and Union. Could they get into Congress, think you, if elected, unless by fraud and stealth?

It seems to me the Free Soil men, generally, are voting for Slavery, without knowing or intending it; and that most of the Liberty Party are voting for *disunion* and *destruction* of the government (if for any thing), and are, too, as innocent of all wish or intention in the matter as are the others.

Yours most truly, PARKER PILLSBURY.

EXETER, Otsego Co., Jan, 1852.

## XXXIId CONGRESS.....First Session.

THE debate on the resolution of welcome to Kossuth, the close of which we gave last week, was finished by its passage, and the distinguished guest was introduced, both in the Senate and House, by their respective presiding officers. The reception was as simple and perfunctory as possible, both bodies adjourning immediately after the introduction.

The proceedings during the week have been of little interest or importance, the members having been otherwise engaged in the public banquets given at Washington to M. Kossuth. A debate, however, has taken place in the Senate on a petition to repeal the law prohibiting the flogging of sailors, the principal feature of which was the speech of Com. Stockton of N. J., which we copy below. It caused some fluttering among honourable members from the South, who could not fail to remember, that however dogs might be treated in civilized communities, the scourging of men and women is an essential part of their domestic policy.

Mr. GWIN moved that the petition praying for the restoration of flogging in the Navy be taken from the table and referred.

Mr. STOCKTON said the subject of this memorial, in my judgment, is equal in importance to any which will likely occupy the attention of Congress. It was therefore I asked, when first presented, that it might lie over. The memorial upon the table, presented for the consideration of the Senate, is nothing less than the whole foundation of our naval structure, the human material by which your ships are worked and fought, your guns leveled, and their thunders pointed at your foes. Good ships, well built, well rigged, and fully equipped, are magnificent and perfect specimens of human science and art; but unless they are manned by good men they will sail only to become prizes to your enemies. If you do not desire to build ships for your enemies, you must give them crews worthy to defend them. The difference between sailors is as great as the difference between other classes of different nations. There is as much difference between American sailors in our whaling and coasting service and sailors of other nations, as there is between the raw European emigrant and the sturdy son of one of our frontier pioneers.

The emigrant will almost starve while the pioneer is building his log house, inclosing his cornfield, and making himself an independent and useful man. I am of opinion that the nation whose service is supplied with the best common sailors, will excel in naval warfare as well as in all maritime pursuits. I am further of opinion that in sensibility, education, courage and industry, our sailors in whaling and coasting service excel those of all other nations. I am furthermore of opinion that the superiority of the American sailors has decided the battle in our favour in many a bloody conflict, when without that superiority it might have been otherwise. I desire to secure and preserve that superiority. To that end, and for humanity's sake, I am utterly and irreconcilably opposed to the use of the lash in the navy or anywhere else.

The longest and most arduous voyages are made in the merchant service without the use of the lash,—in the Polar Seas, among the icebergs of the Arctic and Antarctic Oceans, the intrepid New-Englander pursues his gigantic game and hurls his harpoon, and after a three years voyage returns with the oily spoils of his adventurous navigation. But he owes none of his success, his patient endurance, his exemplary discipline indefatigable industry to the guardian ministration of the lash. To say that men who can make such voyages and endure such hardships cheerfully and contentedly, cannot navigate their own national ships without the infliction of the infamous lash, is a libel. Is their nature changed the moment they step on the deck of a national vessel? Are they less men? less Americans as soon as the custody of the American flag or the national honour is intrusted to their keeping? No, Sir, it is a libel.

I do not mean to use the word in an offensive sense, it is one of those inconsiderate, thoughtless opinions which mankind seem to think they have a perfect right to express in regard to sailors. It is not long since I had a conversation on this subject with a gentleman who had for several years commanded fine ships in the merchant's service, but who is now an honourable and active man of business in one of our large cities, and to whose integrity, generosity and humanity I would entrust anybody but a sailor; after he had heard my views, he instantly replied, "Why you treat them like human beings." The theory that the Navy cannot be governed, and that our National ships cannot be navigated without the use of the lash, seems to be founded on that false idea that sailors are not men, not American citizens, have not the common feelings, sympathies and honorable impulses of our Anglo-American race.

I do not wonder when I look back on the past history of the sailor at the prevalence of this idea. His life has been a life of national. I will not say of systematic degradation, the officers who command him, the oldest, bravest and best have been accustomed from their boyhood to see the sailor lashed about the ships deck like a brute; he who by the laws of the service in which he is engaged, is treated or liable to be treated, like a brute, soon comes to be thought of, as at least but little better than a brute. Who in social life respects a man whose back has been scored as a whipping post, and into what depth of contempt does such punishment sink its victim? And here is one of the worst evils of the system: it destroys those feelings of respect and kindness which officers ought to entertain for the sailors under their command; but this is only one of the worst evils of the system, it destroyed the feelings of regard and respect which sailors should entertain for their officers.

The truth is, there are no relations of affection and regard between them—the one is the oppressor, the other is the oppressed, who may fear or hate, but he neither loves nor respects his tyrant. The worst government upon earth is that of fear; the best, that of love and affection. These sentiments, by the law of our nature must be mutual sentiments. Bonaparte was the idol of the soldier because the soldier was his idol; they loved him because they supposed he loved them. There is nothing that gallant men will not do or suffer for a commander whom they love; difficulties add dangers, and death have no terrors for such men. In great battles where the contest has been doubtful, those soldiers have always fought most desperately whose devotion to their commander was the greatest. It has always been considered as an extensive element in the character of such successful commanders, that they possess the confidence and affection of the men under their command.

But what confidence or regard can be expected under the Government of the lash? But more than this; the punishment destroys the sailor's own self-respect. What has honour, pride, satisfaction to do with a man who may be, at the caprice of another, subjected to infamous punishment?—worse in some cases a thousand times than death. Can nobleness of sentiment, or honourable pride of character, dwell with one whose every muscle has been made to quiver under the lash? Can he long continue to love his country, whose laws degrade him to the level of the brute? This infamous torture now only remains as a leaf on the page of Anglo-Saxon history. The whipping-post, where the worst vagrants used to expiate their offences has been discarded from society. The worst offenses in our State Prisons are no longer punished by the lash.

Why all this? Why are those punishments now condemned as shameful relics of a barbarous age? It is because the light of a better day has dawned. It is because the precepts of the Gospel, of Christianity, have ameliorated our laws—it is because society has made the discovery that if a man is fit to live at all, he ought not to be divested of all qualities, and made to die infamous with mutilations of his body. What is the answer, given by all those who seek to restore this relic of barbarism to the Navy? Why, they tell us we intend only to apply this system of punishment to seamen. We intend only to flog sailors. That is quite true, it is only sailors who are to be treated as brutes. No man who hears me would permit his dog to be thus treated. There is no spot on the habitable globe known to me where a man would be permitted to seize up a dog and beat him until he cut the flesh from his ribs, and the blood should be made to run down from his back bone to his heels: but it is only the sailor for whom the punishment is reserved.

When, O, Senators! is the American—sailor that he is—to be treated worse than a dog? He has been my companion for more than a quarter of a century, through calms and storms, privations, sufferings and hunger—in peace and in war. I have lived with him side by side, by sea and land. I have seen him on the Western Ocean when there was no night to veil his deeds. I have seen him on the Coast of Africa, surrounded by pestilential disease. I have seen him among the West India Islands in chase of pirates, with his parched tongue hanging almost out of his mouth. I have encamped with him on the California Mountains. I have seen the rays of morning play on his carbine and boarding-pike. I have seen him march 150 miles through the enemy's country, over the mountains and through rivers. I have seen him with no shoes on but those of canvas, made by his own hands, and with no provisions but what he took from the enemy. I have seen him go into the Rio San Gabriel and drag his guns after him, in the face of a galling fire from a desperate foe. And, finally, I have lain beside him on the cold ground when ice has formed on his beard! His heart has beat close to mine! I ought to know him. I do know him—and this day, before the assembled Senate of the Republic, I stand up to speak in his behalf. I hope he will find an abler advocate—I am sure he will find such on this floor—but, nevertheless, hear me.

American sailors, as a class, have loved their country as well and have done more for her in peace and war than any other equal number of citizens. Passing by, for a moment, their antecedent glorious achievements, let me remind you that he has recently gained for his country an empire which has added to his country's renown and greatness, and perhaps saved his fellow-citizens from universal bankruptcy and ruin—and what has his country done for him? When the fighting was over, the battles won, the conquests achieved, you sent a band of Mormons to California to drive him to his ship and rob him of his glory. You refused to give him bounty lands which you gave to the soldier, his comrade fighting by his side. You have neglected to give him even your thanks, and more, to cap the climax of his country's ingratitude, these memorialists would have been scourged. They would scourge him for drunkenness, when they put their bottle to his mouth. They would scourge him for inattention to his duty when injustice and wrong has made him for an instant discontented and sullen. Shame! Shame! You would scourge him while living, and when dead consign him to a felon's grave. That I may not be supposed to have drawn upon my fancy, or to have exaggerated his country's inhumanity, I will read some documents.

(Extracts were read, showing the large number of sailors who were buried in prison cemeteries.)

To whom in time of peace is intrusted the lives of thousands who traverse the ocean. Whose energy and skill and hardy self-denying toil carries the production of your soil through the world, and brings back the rich return? It is the American sailor—by his superior qualities as a man, he has enabled you to rival in commerce the boasted mistress of the ocean. Where is the coast or harbour in the wide world accessible to human enterprise, to which he has not carried your flag? His berth is no sinecure; his service is no easy service; he is necessarily an isolated being; he knows no comforts of home and wife and children; he reaps no golden rewards for the increase of treasure which he brings to you. When on shore he is among strangers, and friendless. When worn out he is scarcely provided for; making many rich, he lives and dies poor; carrying the gifts of civilization and the blessing of the gospel through the world, he is treated as an outcast from the mercies of both.

But look to your history—that part of which the world knows by heart—and you will find in its brightest page the glorious achievements of the American sailor. Whatever his country has done to disgrace him and break his spirits, he has never disgraced her—he has always been ready to serve her—he has always served her faithfully—he has often been found in the balance and never found wanting. The only fault ever found with him is that he sometimes fights ahead of his orders. The world has no match for him. Man for man he asks no odds and cares for no odds. When the cause of humanity or the glory of his country calls him to the fight, who in the darkest days of our revolution carried your flag into the very chops of the British channel, boarded the lion in his den, and woke the echo of old Albion's hills by the thunder of his cannon and the shouts of triumph.

It was the American sailor—and the names of John Paul Jones, and the Bonne Homme Richard, will go down the annals of time forever. Who struck the first blow that humbled the Barbary flag, which for a hundred years, had been the terror of Christendom, drove it from the Mediterranean, and put an end to the famous tribute it had been accustomed to exact? It was the American sailors; and the name of Decatur and his gallant companions will be as lasting as monumental brass.

In your war of 1812, when your arms on shore were covered by disaster—when Winchester had been defeated—when the army of the north-west had surrendered—and when the gloom of despondency hung like a cloud over the land, who first relit the fires of national glory, and made the welkin ring with the shouts of victory. It was the American sailor; and the names of Hull and the Constitution will be remembered as long as we have left anything worth remembering. That was no small event.

The wand of Mexican prowess was broken on the Rio Grande—the wand of British invincibility was broken when the flag of the Guerriere came down. That one event was worth more to the Republic than all the money which has ever been expended for a navy. Since that day, the navy has had no stain upon its national escutcheon, but has been cherished as your pride and glory; and the American sailor has established a reputation throughout the world, in peace and in war, in storm and in battle, for unsurpassed heroism and prowess.

I am no painter—I cannot draw with artistic skill the scene I would have you look upon. See the gallant, bold sailor, who has served his apprenticeship with Hull in the Constitution, or one who helped to drag the guns across the San Gabriel, stripped and lashed worse than a dog. Can you stand it, sir? Yet your laws have authorized it to be done, and now it is proposed to give authority to do it again. Will the American people stand it? Will this more than Roman Senate long debate whether an American citizen, as is the sailor, shall be entitled to all his rights or not? Whether, freeman as he is, he shall be scourged like a slave?

Cicero's climacteric, in his speech against Verres, is that, though a Roman citizen, his client has been scourged! Forbid it God! if humanity forbid it not. For my own part, I would rather see the navy abolished, and the stars and stripes buried, with their glory, in the depths of the ocean, than that those who won the glories should be subjected to a punishment so ignominious and brutal a thing.

If I had the power vouchsafed to others to impress my own feelings upon the hearts of those who hear me, I would rouse in the minds of Senators such a sense of national pride and human sympathy that they would, with one voice, demand that the memorial which seeks to rob the American sailor of his rights as an American freeman, should be thrown under your table, and trampled beneath your feet. The object of our legislation for our seamen should be to elevate them as a class, and not to degrade them. In proportion as you do this, and teach the sailor to respect himself, you will bring him to the performance of his duty with cheerfulness and alacrity: you best appeal to patriotism by showing him that he is honoured and respected by his country, and presenting motives to his emulation.

Whatever the peculiarities of the sailor may be, he is still a man, with all the impulses, wishes and hopes of a man; and if there is one trait more peculiar to him than another, it is the sentiments of gratitude. He never forgets a kindness, and would take his heart out of his bosom to save a friend. I believe that many officers of the navy have fallen into error in supposing that sailors are more influenced by their fears than affections. They do not righly appreciate his character. If they would take more pains to think for him, keep him out of temptation, attend to his wants, see that he is fairly and justly dealt by, and properly to consider the fair allowances which ought to be made for him, they would find it much less difficult to enforce discipline, to gain his confidence, and find him more tractable. It is not by the severity of discipline, as much as it is by a firm, just, and generous government, that he is to be controlled. It is so among men everywhere.

Again, in the training and governing these men, who are to fight your battles, and face every danger with courage, their fear should seldom be appealed to. You ought not to cultivate the emotions which make men cowards, and teach them habitually to shrink from the fears of personal suffering. True heroism is an intellectual quality. Degrade a man by infamous punishment, which destroys his personal honour and self-respect, and you do all that human ingenuity can to make him cowardly. He utterly dissented from the doctrine that the navy could want to be governed with the lash. Bad men may be in the navy, as elsewhere. It was the same in the army; the lash was not employed there. It was as easy to find milder punishment for the navy as for the army; and if this did not answer, drive the offender from the navy. He pursued this part for some time.

All reforms were opposed by those who exercised the power to be curtailed. For this reason he thought the opinion of officers of the navy ought to be received with much allowance. The lash was used only for petty offences. Drunkenness was the principal. The Government furnished the liquor, and if he got drunk on his allowance, the Government itself was responsible, and the sailor ought not to be flogged. Flogging would never prevent drunkenness. He had, while commanding a vessel, executed and permitted the law of the lash, as he hoped he had all other laws of the service, which he hoped soon to obey and enforce. There was a great difference between the position of a law-maker and one whose duty required him to execute the laws.

But I care very little for the details for this argument, and will not detain the Senate any longer in relation to them. There is one broad proposition upon which I stand. It is this—that an American sailor is an American citizen, and that no American citizen shall, with my consent, be subjected to this infamous punishment. Placing myself upon this proposition, I am prepared for any consequences. I love the navy. When I speak of the navy, I mean the sailor as well as the officer. They are all my fellow-citizens and yours, and come what may, my voice shall ever be raised against a punishment which degrades my countrymen to the level of a brute, and destroys all that is worth living for—personal honour and self-respect.

Reference had been made by the memorialists to the example of the British Government. With what propriety such an appeal is made by the citizens of a free Republican Government to the institutions of a monarchy, let others determine. But, sir, I am not aware that the British Parliament has ever, by statute, expressly authorized the use of the lash. There is no doubt that it is used in the navy of Great Britain, and has been used since the restoration of the monarchy under the Stuarts. He then examined the British legislation on the subject, contending that it was never expressly sanctioned by statute, as it had been in this country.

After other remarks, he said, one word more, and I have done. We hear a good deal of the delinquencies of sailors. There are delinquencies of officers as well as sailors, who ought not to be there. If you desire to prepare the navy for the exigencies of war, if you desire to prepare your ancient renown as a naval power, you must, in my judgment, abolish the lash, and adopt a system of rewards and punishments in its stead. You must abolish the liquor ration. You must alter the whole system of the recruiting service. In one word—you must purge the navy of all its foul stuff—in high places as well as in low places—and you must lay broad and deep the foundation of your naval greatness in the character of the common sailor. The bone and sinew of the navy is the common sailor.

You require the commanding intellect of scientific officers to direct them, and you require good ships; but, after all, the common sailor is the working power which enables the Captain and the ship to gain laurels—for the sailor works and toils, and fights the ship, and in proportion, as he is superior or inferior, will be the success of the Captain and the ship. Sir, in all the best traits of character which distinguish sailors, no nation exceeds the United States.

The American sailor is bold, intelligent, hardy, enterprising, and in nautical skill unsurpassed. He shrinks from no danger; he dreads no foe, and yields to no superior. No shoals are too dangerous, no seas too boisterous, no climate too rigorous for him. The burning sun of the tropics cannot make him effeminate, nor can the eternal winter of the Polar seas paraly

## Poetry.

### EDWIN MORRIS; OR, THE LAKE.

**A new poem by ALFRED TENNYSON—from the edition of his poems just published in London by Moxon.**

O ME, my pleasant rambles by the lake,
My sweet, wild, fresh three quarters of a year,
My one oasis in the dust and drouth
Of city life, I was a sketcher then:
See here, my doing: curves of mountain, bridge,
Boat, island, ruins of a castle, built
When men knew how to build, upon a rock,
With turrets lichen-gilded like a rock;
And here, new comers in an ancient hold,
New comers from the Mersey, millionaires,
Here lived the Hills—a Tudor chimnied bulk
Of mellow brickwork on an isle of bowers.

O me, my pleasant rambles by the lake
With Edwin Morris and with Edward Bull
The curate; he was fatter than his cure.

But Edwin Morris, he that knew the names,
Long learned names of agaric, moss, and fern,
Who forged a thousand theories of the rocks,
Who taught me how to skate, to row, to swim,
Who read me lines elaborately good,
His own—I called him Cri chton, for he seemed
All perfect, finished to the finger-nail.

And once I asked him of his early life,
And his first passion; and he answered me;
And well his words became him; was he not
A full-ceiled honeycomb of eloquence
Stored from all flowers? Poet-like he spoke—

"My love for Nature is as old as I;
But thirty moons, one honeymoon to that,
And three rich se'nnights more, my love for her,
My love for Nature and my love for her,
Of different ages, like twin-sisters throve,
Twin-sisters differently beautiful.
To some full music rose and sank the sun,
And some full music seemed to move and change
With all the varied changes of the dark,
And either twilight and the day between;
For daily hope fulfilled to rise again
Revolving towards fulfilment made it sweet
To walk, to sit, to sleep, to breathe, to wake."

Or this or something like to this he spoke.
Then said the fat-faced curate, Edward Bull:

"I take it, God made the woman for the man,
And for the good and increase of the world.
A pretty face is well, and this is well,
To have a dame indoors, that trims us up
And keeps us tight; but these unreal ways
Seem but the theme of writers, and indeed
Worn threadbare. Man is made of solid stuff.
I say God made the woman for the man,
And for the good and increase of the world."

"Parson," said I, "you pitch the pipe too low:
But I have sudden touches, and can run
My faith beyond my practice into his:
Though if, in dancing after Letty Hill,
I do not hear the bells upon my cap,
I scarce hear other music: yet say on.
What should one give to light on such a dream?"
I asked him half-sardonically:

"Give?
Give all thou art," he answered, and a light
Of laughter dimpled in his swarthy cheek;
"I would have hid her needle in my heart,
To save her little finger from a scratch
No deeper than the skin; my ears could hear
Her lightest breaths: her least remark was worth
The experience of the wise. I went and came;
Her voice fled always through the summer land;
I spoke her name alone. Thrice happy days!
The flower of each, those moments when we met,
The crown of all, we met to part no more."

Were not his words delicious, I a beast
To take them as I did? but something jarred;
Whether he spoke too largely; that there seemed
A touch of something false, some self-conceit,
Or o'er-smoothness; howsoe'er it was,
He scarcely hit my humor, and I said:

"Friend Edwin, do not think yourself alone
Of all men happy. Shall not Love to me,
As in the Latin song I learnt at school,
Sneeze out a full God-bless-you right and left?
But you can talk; yours is a kindly vein;
I have, I think,—Heaven knows—as much within;
Have, or should have, but for a thought or two,
That like a copper beech among the greens
Looks out of place: 'tis from no want in her:
It is my shyness, or my self-distrust,
Or something of a wayward modern mind
Dissecting passion. Time will set me right."

So spoke I knowing not the things that were.
Then said the fat-faced curate, Edward Bull:
"God made the woman for the use of man,
And for the good and increase of the world."
And I and Edwin laughed; and now we paused
About the windings of the marge to hear
The soft wind blowing over meadowy holms
And alders, garden-isles; and now we ran
By ripply shallows of the lisping lake,
Delighted with the freshness and the sound.

But when the bracken rusted on their crags
My suit had withered, nipt to death by him
That was a God, and is a lawyer's clerk,
The rent-roll Cupid of the rainy isles.
'Tis true, we met; one hour I had, no more:
She sent a note, the seal an *Elle vous suit*,
The close "Your Letty, only yours;" and this
Thrice underscored. The friendly mist of morn
Clung to the lake. I boated over, ran
My craft aground, and heard with beating heart
The Sweet Gale rustle round the shelving keel;
And out I stept, and up I crept; she moved,
Like Proserpine in Enna, gathering flowers:
Then low and sweet I whistled thrice; and she,
She turned, we closed, we kissed, swore faith, I breathed
In some new planet; a silent cousin stole
Upon us and departed: "Leave," she cried,
"Oh! leave me!" "Never, dearest, never; here
I brave the worst;" and while we stood like fools
Embracing, all at once a score of pugs
And poodles yelled within, and out they came
Trustees and Aunts and Uncles. "What, with him!
Go, sir!" Again they shrieked the burden "Him!"
Again with hands of wild rejection, "Go!"
"Girl, get you in," to her—and in one month
They wedded her to sixty thousand pounds,
To lands in Kent, and messuages in York,
And slight Sir Robert with his watery smile
And educated whisker. But for me,
They set an ancient creditor to work;
It seems I broke a close with force and arms;
There came a mystic token from the king
To greet the sheriff, needless courtesy!
I read and wished to crush the race of man,
And fled by night; turned once upon the hills;
Her taper glimmered in the lake; and then
I left the place, left Edwin, nor have seen
Him since, nor heard of her, nor cared to hear.

Nor cared to hear? perhaps: yet long ago
I have pardoned little Letty; not indeed,
It may be, for her own dear sake, but this,
She seems a part of those fresh days to me;
For in the dust and drouth of London life
She moves among my visions of the lake,
While the prime swallow dips his wing, or then
While the gold-lily blows, and overhead
The light cloud smoulders on the summer crag.

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TRUTH crush'd to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But ERROR, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid his worshippers.—BRYANT]

## Miscellany.

### AFRICAN INVENTORS.

BY DAVID LEE CHILD.

WHETHER the different varieties of the human species are equal in mental endowments, and whether they had a unity or diversity of origin are questions rather curious than useful. To zo-ologists and the-ologians they have some scientific and polemical interest; but to moralists and philanthropists they are of no more importance than whether the African lion is equal or superior to others of his kind. He is a lion and king of beasts, and that is enough. But his negro neighbours are not his subjects: on the contrary they tame him and they command him, which proves that they are no beasts. If I knew a race of monkies anxious to improve their faculties and elevate their condition, I should consider the desire as parent of the capacity, and deem it a duty to encourage and aid them,—especially if they were oppressed and restrained by several united tribes of brutes. Had Jocko the sense and spirit to run away, and signify that he was tired of being rigged in a red jacket, cap, and feather like a man-slayer, and jumping about like the motley clown; that he desired knowledge and disliked the idea of being limited all his life, like the degenerate Romans, to "panem et circenses;" who is there, not himself a brute, that would not help the poor fellow, and put him, if possible, in the way to accomplish his laudable desire. The obligation to impart is of the same nature and force as that to receive instruction. A message from on high may be rejected as innocently as the prayer of the meanest aspirant to the light of truth.

In noting some inventions known or believed to have originated with Africans, guilty of the deepest dye, I have no intention of ministering to that morbid feeling, (if it be not something worse,) which demands of our coloured brethren that they prove themselves demi-gods as a condition of being admitted to be men! For manifest it is that they must be gifted with superhuman abilities to show themselves, under present circumstances, equal *as a race* to the whites. We require them to command our admiration before we condescend to give them justice. This is to apply, like some ancient tyrants, a test which is intended to be fatal. Our treatment, as a nation and government, of coloured Americans, has been scarcely less irrational or inhuman than that of an Asiatic despot, who put out the eyes of certain of his subjects and then cut off their heads, alleging that they were of no worth without eyes. After twenty years of earnest appeal, argument and remonstrance, the same unreasoning and unrighteous spirit is rife in a mighty majority of the men and women even of the Northern States, men and women who pretend that they aspire to be admitted to the society of the Son and the Angels of God!

It was reported some years ago that Daniel Webster had made a searching examination of the question of coloured equality, and would take occasion to state the result in a speech. From his not having done so, it may be conjectured that his convictions turned out adverse to his wishes. Some may imagine that his recent course is a sufficient indication that his conclusions were unfavourable to the coloured race: But this would imply that he has been actuated by some principle, which nobody or next to nobody supposes. The utmost that appears to be claimed for him is, that he acted upon a larger and more complex calculation of interest, than any democratic servitor of the Slave Power and betrayer of his constituents was ever capable of making. What can be fairly inferred from Webster's late action is, that he had satisfied his mind that his darker brethren were not likely very soon to have office, scrip, or pension to bestow. But he would have come to a similar conclusion respecting Abolitionists or Free Soilers, if he had had under his hand the heads of Garrison, Phillips and Quincy, or, what is his present temper would please him more than all the three—the head of Horace Mann. Speaking of heads recalls an anecdote of an eminent literary character of Boston, a signer of the Webster address. A Southerner paid him a visit, and on retiring remarked to the friend, who introduced him, that he had seen better heads than that sold for $800 at the South! Those who would uncandidly elude the force of this testimony in favour of coloured intellect, may say that good heads, not coloured, have been sold there, time out of mind, and that we have now seen so sold the finest head in New England; a head, which Phidias would have placed on the shoulders of Jupiter, even the Olympian head of Daniel Webster; certainly not so cheap, but that was probably owing in part, if not altogether, to the recommendation of Andover, for "pious slaves" always command an extra price.

Theodore Parker, in his Eulogy on John Quincy Adams, a discourse composed in a spirit which would render contemporary biography something more dignified and profitable than the ordinary adulation of such occasions, assigns to the inventor the highest niche in the temple of fame. Milton, in his plea for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, maintains that a people, having "wherewithal to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention," afford both proof of the highest vigour and fertility of mind and promise of noble progress and a great destiny. The terms invention and invention are used here in a sense larger than the popular meaning. He who contrives and constructs an instrument for abridging, facilitating and expediting mechanical, manufacturing, agricultural, or scientific processes, is an inventor; but not exclusively so, nor in the highest sense. He who finds out new laws or properties of matter or mind is an inventor. He who originates laws and institutions for the establishment, preservation, or improvement of civil society is an inventor. He who finds out shorter avenues to knowledge and methods for its readier and wider diffusion is an inventor. He who adds to dry historical facts new and stirring action, unlocking latent motives, developing natural passion, aggrandizing what is noble, degrading what is base, and giving to the past the reality and vividness of the present; or who imagines and depicts worthy events with a natural train of incidents, accessories, and circumstances, giving new lustre to truth, new sympathy and admiration to heroic virtue, new horror of corruption and crime, new force to conscience and stimulus to duty, is an inventor and poet. Inventive genius is next in dignity and importance to creative power. Next to the Creator is the man who finds out new properties, laws, relations, combinations, and uses of that which is created. He who is nearest the Creator is the greatest creature.

The first person in Europe who used and recommended cold water as a medicament, was Dr. Wright, of Edinburgh. He commenced the practice of his profession in the navy, and was ultimately appointed fleet surgeon under Lord Nelson. During a portion of his life he practiced in the British West Indies. There he was led to this subject by the *Maroons*. These people, inhabiting the remotest and most inaccessible parts of the mountains, could not avail themselves of medical assistance from the towns and plantations. Abandoned to their own resources, they had established, in cases of putrid and malignant fever, the great adversary of life in that climate, the following practice, which they informed Dr. Wright was common in Africa. They took clay and cold water and worked them together until the mass was of the consistence of paste. With a thick coat of this they encased the patient from head to foot, except the nose and eyes. In this state he was suffered to remain until the water was exhausted. The clay was then removed and the patient washed with cold water. The application was repeated at intervals until the disease was subdued. This practice was attended with such success as to impress Dr. Wright with the importance of the principle on which it was founded. He soon satisfied himself that the clay exercised no influence on the disease, and that it served simply as a vehicle of the water, and, though very well chosen inasmuch as it takes more water, and retains it longer, than any other permeable substance, still as he was desirous of trying the remedy as soon as he could find a willing subject, he sought to divest it of its repulsive form, anticipating that the novelty and strangeness of the practice would create sufficient repugnance, without the additional disgust of being bedaubed all over with mud. Cold water being the active agent, he concluded that simple affusion thereof, continued for a sufficient time, and repeated according to the exigencies of the case, would effect all that the remedy was capable of, and afford a sufficient test of its value. But in an extensive practice he could find no patient who would consent to incur the risk of an experiment. At length he was embarked on a voyage to Europe and when some days at sea the ship-fever broke out on board. Several of the crew died after an illness of one or two days. The Doctor now thought that in the terror and despair caused by this sudden and dreadful mortality, he should find ample opportunity for the trial he had so long sought. But not a sailor, proverbially reckless as sailors are, would give his consent. Finally the Doctor was himself taken down by the pestilence. But the calamity was attended by the consolation of having at last found a willing subject. He determined to try the negro remedy upon himself. Accordingly when the fever had become violent and was approaching the crisis, he caused himself to be carried on deck enveloped in a blanket, and then in a state of nudity to be drenched with successive buckets of cold water drawn from the ocean. He was again wrapped in the blanket, and laid without removing it in his berth. In a short time a gentle perspiration ensued, and he fell into a sound and refreshing sleep. On the following day there was a moderate access of fever, and *cold affusion* was repeated. This completed the cure. In about thirty-six hours from the time of the attack he was re-established. Upon his arrival in England he sent a memoir of the case to the London Medical Society. It was read in that learned body, and excited the greatest attention and surprise; but so alarmed professional pride and prejudice, and narrow selfish conservatism, that it was "placed on file," like letters to whig candidates inquiring their principles, and no further notice taken of it. This was about the year 1770. It did not see the light until some ten years after, when the author made a second voyage to England, and then published it himself. Dr. Currie appears to have been the first medical writer who recognised the merit of the discovery. He inserted an account of it in his extensive work. It was soon after used with good effect in various parts of Europe, particularly in Italy and Germany; and must be considered the germ of that great and wide spreading system of healing disease, called HYDROPATHY. These facts were found in an interesting memoir of the life of Dr. Wright, and collection of his writings edited by David Turnbull, Esq.

For some years after the battle of New Orleans, a report prevailed among the coloured people of this country that Gen. Jackson's *cotton bale* breastwork, which is credited to him as a surpassing stroke of genius, was suggested by one of their race, a native of Africa. Whether the fact were so or not I have never been able to ascertain. The report is so strange that it would require a rare effort of invention to raise it without a foundation in truth. It derives some countenance from the following occurrence which took place at the siege of Diu some three hundred years ago. It is derived from the Portuguese account of the siege. Two distinguished warriors from Ethiopia joined the besiegers. On one morning the besieged were astonished at beholding an extensive rampart of *cotton bags* erected in advance of the besieging lines. Don John de Castro, Vice-Roy of India, was the commander of Diu. He had been carrying on wars and making conquests in Asia for some twenty years; and if he and the veterans under him were astonished at this species of fortification, we may conclude that it was not Asiatic, but African, and that the chiefs from Ethiopia were the authors of it.

Mr. Hamilton, an English engineer, found at Meroe, the capital of ancient Ethiopia, specimens of the arch, which he pronounces the earliest extant or on record; and thinks that we owe the invention of this grand element of strength, beauty, and sublimity in architecture to the Ethiopians.

Toussaint l'Overture was as truly an inventor as Lycurgus, Numa Pompilius, or Solon. During the few years in which he governed Hayti, by his wise legislation, his fertility in expedients, and the intelligence, vigour, and promptitude of his administration, he renovated, "as if by magic," a country demoralized by license and wasted by the hand of war. If we could see impartially, perhaps he would appear to be even superior to those ancient sages, because it was in quiet seclusion and profound peace that they conceived and framed their respective codes and institutions, while he was in the focus of war, or struggling through the chaos, which its devastations had left. They were of the highest rank, and accomplished in all the learning of their times; he a self-taught slave.

The Colchians were the inventors of geographical maps and charts, and the Colchians were a colony of negroes. I am aware that this statement has been controverted, but Herodotus, who travelled to Colchis, affirms that they were black, and had woolly heads. The fidelity and accuracy of the Father of History, when he speaks of things within his own knowledge, have generally been confirmed by the efforts made to impugn them.

Facts, illustrative of the inventive capacity of negro men, might be further accumulated from my limited and incidental observations, for I have not attempted a special investigation of the subject. Some useful mechanical inventions in common use, from which however the inventors by reason of Slavery, prejudice and fraud have not derived the appropriate honours and rewards, are said to have been made by coloured men both bond and free.

I shall be happy if these few lines shall tend to establish in the minds of any of my countrymen, who suppose themselves to be of superior endowments, a conviction that these oppressed and despised children of the common Parent are susceptible of high, if not equal improvement, and capable, under a free and full development of their faculties, of contributing in fair proportion to the improvement and happiness of mankind.

West Newton, December, 1850.

—*Liberty Bell for* 1852.

### THE PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS.

A correspondence took place, not long since, between JOSEPH E. BLOOMFIELD and WASHINGTON IRVING, on the subject of the different portraits of Columbus. Mr. Bloomfield's attention was directed to the subject by his having been for some years a rerident of the south of Spain, and become familiar with the portraits purporting to be the likenesses of the great discoverer.

Mr. Irving has been applied to for leave to publish his letters, which embrace the result of his own researches on this subject, and contain many particulars of much interest. At his request the correspondence has been returned to him, and in the following letter he has recast, with some additions, the information and observations contained in his more hasty notes to Mr. Bloomfield:

TO WILLIAM C. BRYANT, Esq.—*My Dear Sir:* In consequence of the interest expressed by you as to a recent correspondence with Mr. Joseph E. Bloomfield, of Mexico, New York, on some points relative to Columbus, I have thrown the purport of my replies to that gentleman into something of a connected form.

Mr. Bloomfield was desirous of my opinion of a portrait of Columbus existing in the Lonja, or Royal Exchange, at Seville, and which he says was the only one acknowledged in Spain as a true likeness. In reply, I have stated, that I know of portrait extant which is positively known to be authentic. The one in question, according to his account of it, is full length, and that of a person from thirty to thirty-five years of age, armed in mail, and wearing a full white ruff. Now, Columbus, by the time his discoveries had made him a subject for such a painting, was quite advanced in years. The ruff, too, was not an article of dress in Spain, until after his death. It was a Flemish fashion, brought, I believe from Flanders to Spain; in the time of Charles V., who did not arrive in the Peninsula until 1516, ten years after the death of Columbus. The portrait may have been one of Diego Columbus, the heir and successor of the discoverer, and who, like him, was denominated "the Admiral."

Various portraits of Columbus have appeared from time to time in Italy, not one resembling the others, and all differing essentially from the description given by Fernando of his father. Theodore de Bry, in his AMERICA, published in the sixteenth century, gave an engraving of one in his possession, which he pretended had been stolen from a saloon of the council of the Indians and sold in the Netherlands, where it fell into his hands. The same has been copied in an eulogium of Columbus by the Marquis of Durazzo, printed by Bodoni, and in a life of the discoverer published in Milan by the Chevalier Bossi. This pretended portrait also differs entirely from the graphic description given by Fernando Columbus of his father; according to this, his visage was long and neither full nor meagre; the cheek bones rather high, his nose acquiline, his eyes light gray, his complexion fair and high coloured (*accesso di vivo colore*). In his youth his hair was blond; but by the time he was thirty years of age it was *quite white*. This minute description I consider a touchstone by which all the pretended portraits of him should be tried. It agrees with accounts given of him by Las Casas and other contemporaries.

Peschiera, a sculptor, employed in Genoa to make a bust of him for a monument erected to his memory in that city in 1821, discarded all existing portraits as either spurious or doubtful, and guided himself by the descriptions I have cited.

While I was in Madrid, in 1826, Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, President of the Royal Academy of History, published a lithographed copy of an engraved portrait of Columbus, which he found in an old Italian work containing likenesses of distinguished persons. He and the Duke of Veraguas (the descendant of Columbus) placed confidence in it, because other portraits in the same work were known to be correct. I doubted its authenticity. It did not agree sufficiently with the description before mentioned, and the hair especially, in the notice which accompanied it in the Italian work was said to be *black*. Still, I published a copy of the engraving, some years since, in an abridged edition of my life of the discoverer.

While I was in Paris, in 1845, Mons. Jomard, the learned principal of the Royal (now National) Library, had the kindness to send me a lithographic copy of a portrait in oil, recently discovered. The inscription CHRISTOPORUS COLUMBUS. The countenance was venerable and dignified, and agreed, more than any I had seen, with the description given by Fernando Columbus. Around the neck, however, was the Flemish ruff which I pointed out as an anachronism. Mr. Jomard endeavoured to account for it by supposing the portrait to have been made up toward the year 1530 by some scholar of Titian, from some design or sketch taken during the lifetime of Columbus, and that the artist may have decked it out in the costume in vogue at the time he painted it. This is very possible. Such a custom of vamping up new portraits from old ones seems to have been adopted in the time of Charles V., when there were painters of merit about the court.

In 1519 Juan de Borgona, a Spanish artist, executed a whole series of portraits of the primates of Spain for the chapter room of the Cathedral of Toledo; some of them from the life; some from rude originals, and some purely imaginary. Some degree of license of the kind may have been indulged in producing this alleged portrait of Columbus. As it is evidently a work of merit, and bears the stamp of his character, I have published an engraving of it in one of the editions of his biography.

Painting had not attained much eminence in Spain during the lifetime of Columbus, though it was improving under the auspices of Ferdinand and Isabella. There were as yet no Italian painters in the peninsula, and the only Spanish painter of note was Antonio Rincon, who is said to have been the first who "left the stiff Gothic style and attempted to give to his figures something of the graces and proportions of nature." He executed portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella, who made him their painter-in-ordinary.

The originals have disappeared in the war of the French intrusion: but copies of two of his full length portraits of the sovereigns exist in one of the lower corridors of the royal gallery of Madrid. It is very probable that he painted a portrait of Columbus at the time when he was at the court, the object of universal attention on account of his discoveries: but if so, it likewise has disappeared, or may exist anonymously in some corner of Spain, or in the collection of some picture-hunter.

So much for the portraits of Columbus. Another subject of inquiry with Mr. Bloomfield, was the name of the discoverer; he asks why we should not call him by the name he signed to all his letters now in the Royal Exchange of Seville, *Christoval Colon*; and he wishes to know "how did or could *Colon* be changed to *Columbus*."

In regard to the name there is some petty mystery That of the family in Genoa was *Colombo*, and his original Italian designation was Christoforo Colombo.

When he first came into Spain from Portugal, he seems to have retained his Italian family name, with a slight variation, for in the records of Francisco Gonzales, of Seville, the royal treasurer, there are still extant three several entries of money paid, in 1487 and 1488, by order of the Catholic sovereigns, to him, by the name of *Christobal Colomo*.

So also, in a royal cedula of May 12th, 1480, signed by the sovereigns, the public functionaries throughout the kingdom are ordered to furnish accommodations and facilities to Cristoval *Colomo*.

And the Duke of Medina Celi, his first patron in Spain, in a letter to the Grand Cardinal, dated 19th March, 1493, says: "I do not know whether your Lordship knows that I had for much time in my house Christobal *Colomo*, who came from Portugal," &c.

In the capitulations entered into between him and the sovereigns, 17th April, 1492, by which he was constituted Admiral, Viceroy and Governor of any lands he might discover, we find him for the first time recorded as Don Cristobal *Colon*. In adopting this appelation, he may have recurred to what his son Fernando intimates was the original patrician name of the family in old times, at Rome—*Colonus*—and may have abbreviated it to Colon, to adapt it to the Spanish tongue.

Columbus was a later version of his family name adopted occasionally by himself and his brother Bartholomew, according to the pedantic usage of the day. His son, Fernando, says, (chap. xi), that his father, before he was declared admiral, used to sign himself "Columbus de Terra rubra," that is to say Columbus of Terrarossa, a village or hamlet near Genoa. So also his brother Bartholomew, on a map of the world, which he presented to Henry VII, dated London, 13th February, 1488, inscribed on it some Latin verses, of which the following gave the name and country of the author:

Janua cui patria est; nomen cui Bartolomaeus
Columbus de Terrarubra opus adidit istud.

By this Latin version of his family name, he has always been known in English literature. If we change it we ought to go back to the original Italian, Cristoforo Columbo. Long usage, however, like long occupancy, constitutes a kind of right, that cannot be disturbed without great inconvenience.

Yours, my dear sir, very truly,
WASHINGTON IRVING.

—*Evening Post.*

### CHRISTIANITY, AND ITS DOCTRINE OF PEACE.

IN ancient times the heathens of Greece and Rome erected statues, and altars, and temples, to the Goddess of Peace. The Pagan throng worshipped at the holy shrine, and the rich and the wise deposited their most valued properties within the precints of the temple, and under the safeguard of its sacred name. We, too, in a better age, and with a higher purpose, have reared our temples of peace, consecrated in thousands to its God, and devoted exclusively to his service. Rising majestically to the skies, their lofty turrets and gilded domes challenge the admiration and solicit the entrance of the Christian worshipper. Within the sacred fane is taught the religion of "peace on earth and good will to man." The priest, on his bended knees, asks the Father of all "to give peace in his time," while the thousands around respond with fervent utterance to the holy aspiration: and thus has the prayer of peace ascended heaven-ward during every day of that long cycle of Christian rule which began when Peter was commanded to sheathe his weapon, and which is to terminate in the metamorphosis of the sword and the spear. But frequent as that prayer has been, and fervent as it has seemed, no answer has been vouchsafed to it, because it was asked amiss. The increase of faith never ascended from the nation's heart, and the dove with the olive branch has never been permitted to settle on our shores. The priest and the parent retired from the altar to seek a home for their sons in the barrack and in the camp—the child of toil to find excitement and occupation in the ensanguined field—the statesman to compass new achievements of war, or perchance to stay amid the distraction of battle, and stifle amid the noise of its thunders, the indignant remonstrances of a people against his corruptions and his crimes. Were the hierarchy of the state—the servants of him who is the fountain of life—the spiritual peers who adorn our senate, to raise their voice of peace in its cause, to protest against the first murmur of war, and to prostrate themselves at the feet of the deluded sovereign that may be induced to proclaim it, the temporal peers might resign from their decision, and the statesman might pause in his frantic career. And should the bloody declaration still issue from the throne (never again we trust with a female will), then let the holy men, like the archiepiscopal martyr of a neighbouring land, throw themselves between the armed bands of husbands, and fathers, and brothers, or take their station in the rear, to administer the last Christian rites to the dying hero, and staunch with their lawn sleeves the red stream of life that is ebbing from his heart.

The continuance of war under the Christian dispensation, and its co-existence with a high civilization, and with the institutions of education and philanthropy, is a fact in the history of man which defies the analysis of the metaphysician and the moralist. Religion, "pure and undefiled," pleads in vain the sacredness of life, and the value of the soul. Humanity utters unheard her most affectionate appeals; and even the strong instinct of self preservation, and the inborn horror of death, have failed to subdue our animal ferocity; and while man, as an individual, dare not touch the life of him who maligns or robs him, social man, combining his individual conscience with that of millions, and transferring to them all but an infinitesimal of his own responsibility, consigns without remorse to a bloody grave, thousands of his fellow creatures who have neither wronged nor insulted him. Thus falsely placed, and criminally secure, we are horror struck with the individual Shylock—the Jew—who demanded flesh and blood in payment of his bond; while we honour the social Shylock—the Christian—who takes more than the pound of flesh from imaginary foes, that may have knelt with him at the altar, and drunk with him the same cup of kindness. Hence it is, that in this, the latest century of civilization, the fields of Christendom have been more copiously drenched with human blood than during any similar period of Roman or Macedonian domination: and judging from the general recklessness of human life, we might imagine that the Christian stripling who pants for battle, and the Christian maiden who would follow him to the field, had been nursed by the milk of the Red Indian, and tatooed from their infancy with the symbols and implements of war.

This strange condition of humanity—this utter antagonism between principle and conduct—this triumph of ambition and cupidity, and revenge over the holiest of man's affections, and the sternest of his obligations, admits but of one explanation. Faith has no national existence. The sovereign who, to acquire territory, or avenge wrongs, lights up an offensive war—the minister that counsels it—the legislature that furnishes its sinews, and the constituency that adds their sanction, renounce by their very acts every title to the name of Christian, disclaim all faith in the immortality of their souls, and abandon every hope of a blessed resurrection. The citizen, too, who lives and dies with the guilt of blood upon his conscience—the genuine descendant of bloody Cain, differs but intellectually from the brutes that perish, and can have no other hope but that of perishing like them. If there be one crime in the catalogue of guilt which is really national, that crime is the crime of war; and the nation that wages it is truly infidel. It may have a church, and bishops, and members; it may have a confession a liturgy, and a rubric; it may have a creed from which it has struck "Thou shalt not kill;" but it has no faith but what is dead; its religion is hypocrisy; and its holiest rites are but the tricks of conjurors to stifle the consciences of the living, and smooth the death-beds of the dying.—*Prize Essays on the Peace Congress* (*In the North British Review*).

### THE PILGRIM CELEBRATION.

GEORGE HILLARD, Esq., of Boston, delivered the Annual Oration before the New England Society, on Tuesday evening last. The preceding fortnight had been so filled with the spirit of universal humanity by the presence among us of Kossuth, that the occasion, as one of purely national interest, did not attract as numerous an auditory as under other circumstances it would have done. The house, however, was very respectably furnished with guests.

Mr. Hillard, with his usual grace of manner and elegance of diction, went over the common, but forever sacred ground of the Pilgrim history; discussed the virtues and the faults of our forefathers in an interesting, but not an original way, and came to the regular conclusion respecting their merits and the importance of their example. While he confined himself to the general theme, the interest of his oration was almost purely rhetorical. The applause of the audience rested on his embellishments, not his ideas, which, however, had their assent. A splendid rocket occasionally shot into the sky, followed by the eyes of the hearers: but there was no forceful current of thought, exhibiting the copiousness and power of the fountain-head of principle from which it flowed, bearing the company on. As this had recently been experienced in the highest degree in the oratory of the great Hungarian, the deficiency was peculiarly painful.

The orator had, however, reserved his strength for his peroration, when he made the popular doctrines of the Compromise resound in sonorous sentences of conservative assertion and appeal. The eloquent Bostonian evidently thought himself surrounded by Abolitionists and Interventionists, who must be duly frightened by a cannonade of prudential commonplaces in laudation of law. We could have promised him the sympathy of the audience in the most virtuous conservatism. It is not only in Boston that those of us who are as comfortably off as we can be, and sure to be no better, but rather worse, by any change, are, almost to a man, the friends of law and order, at any expense of humanity. It is not only in Boston that the instincts of prosperity are selfish. It is not only in Boston that men love to hear the rhetoric which handsomely justifies their own timorousness or apathy. It is not only in Boston that an elegant advocacy of the opinions level to ordinary practice and profit wins plaudits, which sentiments that task the heart and whip the conscience might not secure. We have the ordinary human nature in New York, and Compromise, escorted by Law on the right and Order on the left, is a most acceptable guest in all the most respectable circles, so that the courage and faithfulness to which the orator on this occasion had strung himself up, were entirely superfluous.

It is very painful for us, we confess, to hear opinions that fall in with the interests and proclivities of prosperous selfishness—such as every man feels his own exposure to—pronounced from the most sacred places of national recollection, with tones and in words such as only the noblest sentiments are entitled to wear. A discourse from Bunker Hill on the duty of leaving oppressed nations to struggle alone for their liberties: an oration from Plymouth Rock on the obligation of returning fugitive slaves, seem to us desecrations of the holy-spots whence American liberty took her departure. The applause that follows such discourse appears to us a reverberation from chambers in the soul emptied of the principles for which our exiles and our heroes encountered first expatriation and next war. After the recent soul-stirring, faith-kindling thoughts of Kossuth; the unaffected, calm, self-poised, sincere, and half-inspired missionary of humanity and freedom; the decorated maxims of a pious worldliness, which equally satisfy the prosperous saint and the prosperous sinner, are like a Boston east wind setting in at the close of a beautiful day in spring, closing the moral pores, and striking consumption in upon the organs of liberty and love.—*Christian Register.*

### CONDENSED HISTORY OF STEAM.

ABOUT 280 years B. C., Hero, of Alexandria, formed a toy which exhibited some of the powers of steam, and was moved by its power.

A. D. 540, Authemius, an architect, arranged several caldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of a leathern tube, which rose to a narrow top, with pipes extended to the rafters of an adjoining building. A fire was kindled beneath the caldrons, and the house was shaken by the force of the steam ascending the tubes. This is the first notice of the power of steam recorded.

In 1243, June 17th, Blasco de Garoy tried a steamboat of 209 tons, with tolerable success, at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of a caldron of water and a moveable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable. A present, however, was made to Garoy.

In 1750, the first railroad was constructed at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The first idea of a steam-engine in England, was in the Marquis of Worcester's 'History of Inventions,' A. D., 1663.

In 1710, Newcombe made the first steam-engine in England.

In 1787, patents were granted to Savary for the first appearance of the steam-engine in England.

In 1786, Jonathan Hulls first set forth the idea of steam navigation.

In 1778, Thomas Paine first proposed its introduction in America.

In 1781, Marquis Jonffroy constructed one on the Saone.

In 1785, two Americans published a work on it.

In 1789, William Tymington made a voyage in one on the Forth and Clyde Canal.

In 1802, this experiment was repeated.

In 1782, Ramsey propelled a boat by steam at New York.

In 1788, John Fitch, of Philadelphia, navigated a boat by a steam-engine on the Delaware.

In 1793, Robert Fulton first began to apply his attention to steam.

In 1793, Oliver Evans, of Philadelphia, constructed a locomotive steam-engine to travel on a turnpike road.

The first steam vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic, was the Savannah, in the month of June, 1819, from Charleston to Liverpool.—*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.*

THE LAST ARGUMENT.—Though Pitt's moral or physical courage never shrank from man, yet Sheridan was the antagonist with whom he evidently least desired to come into collision, and with whom the collision, when it did occur, was of the most fretful nature. There were a thousand instances of that "keen encounter of their wits," in which person was more involved than party.

"I leave," said Pitt, at the conclusion of an attack of this kind—"I leave the honourable gentleman what he likes so well, the woman's privilege—the last word."

"I am sensible," said Sheridan, "of the favour which the right honourable gentleman means, in offering me a privilege so peculiarly adapted to himself; but I must beg leave to decline the gift. I have no wish for the last word; I am content with having the *last argument*."

## Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

SILVIO PELLICO, so famous for his works, his imprisonments and sufferings, is now in Paris.

——THE *Newcastle Chronicle* states that one of the last things taken to the Chrystal Palace was a relic of Grace Darling, a letter, in which she modestly consents to accept (but expresses herself as much too liberally rewarded already) a chaplet of oak leaves and acorns, a beautiful garland of wild flowers, and a girdle of variegated colours, proposed to be sent her by some young people of London. The autograph is dated from Longstone Lighthouse, and is in excellent preservation, adorned with wreaths of amaranths and immortals, surrounded by the names of fifty of the heroes and heroines of all nations. It will be deposited in the British Museum.

——A CORRESPONDENT of the *Athenæum* instances a curious example of the tendency at all times of even the superstitious to effect a compromise between their fears and their material interests:—"A clergyman, desirous of setting up a stock of bees, applied to one of his parishioners to sell him one; but was met with a refusal on the ground that the bees did not approve of being sold, and he should lose the remainder if he were guilty of any such transaction. The honest man, however, had no objection to making a present of a stock: hinting that a half-sovereign might follow at another time without inconvenience."

——THE SLAUGHTER IN PARIS.—It will never be known at what a cost of life to the citizens of Paris Louis Napoleon found himself master of the Government on the evening of the 4th of December; but from the comparatively small loss on the side of the army, it is evident that the resistance was at no time comparable to that of the insurgents in June, 1848; and that every means were taken which the improved science of street warfare and the pitiless commands of the African generals could suggest to strike with the whole force of an armed hand on the heads of the people. The army, to use a significant expression, *did its worst*. Such an opportunity of exterminating the Red faction in Paris had long been sought for by the principal generals, and this lesson of inauguration of Louis Napoleon's absolute power, speaking within the limits of historical truth and upon the evidence of many eye-witnesses of these events, we affirm that the bloody and treacherous deeds of the 4th of December will be remembered with horror in the annals of St. Bartholemew and the Reign of Terror.—*London Times.*

——MR. CUNNINGHAM tells several amusing anecdotes in his "Handbook of Modern London." One is of Dr. South, whose habit of punning in the pulpit is well known. When appointed chaplain to the Merchant Tailor's Company, he took for the text of his inauguration sermon the words, "A *remnant* of all shall be saved." In a Bible printed at Stationer's Hall in the year 1632, and still shown there, the important omission of the word *not* in the seventh commandment, which is printed, "Thou *shalt* commit adultery," brought down Laud's anger on the Company, and the infliction of a heavy fine for the immorality of the precept. A less serious mistake is thus narrated—"The City was commonly called Cockaigne. The name Cockney—a spoilt or effeminate boy—one cockered and spoilt—is generally applied to people born within the sound of the bells of St. Mary-le-Bow. When a female Cockney was informed that barley did not grow, but that it was spun by housewives in the country, 'I knew as much,' said the Cockney, 'for one may see the threads hanging out of the ends thereof.'"

——"PYROMANIA" OR THE DISEASE OF GERMAN INCENDIARIES.—In 1824 there had been several cases of arson (*Brandstiftung*), in Prussia, committed by very young persons, and the doctors attributed it to a peculiar "organization" in the criminals, that drove them by an irresistible impulse to fire-raising; thrusting a lucifer into the dry thatch of a barn was in fact merely the symptom of a human malady, to which they gave the name of "Pyromania," or, in German, the more formidable title of "Brandstiftungstrieb." Yielding to this medical theory, the Government ordered that in all such cases the criminals should be subjected to a professional examination to ascertain whether they were afflicted with this really dangerous, and, in its effect at least, most catching disease, or whether they were responsible for their